



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 37 – Number 9

January 2020

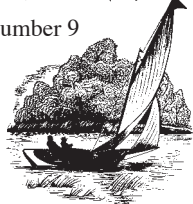
In This Issue...
16 New Articles Plus
12 Regular Features
Lotsa Good Reading Inside



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 37 – Number 9
January 2020



US subscription price is \$40 for one year, Canadian / overseas subscription prices are available upon request

Address is 29 Burley St
Wenham, MA 01984-1043
Telephone is 978-774-0906

There is no machine

Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks

Magazine production: Roberta Freeman

For subscription or circulation inquiries or problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

An ongoing encouragement for carrying on with this little magazine has always been the personal notes of encouragement we have received over the years, often with renewals. They are expressions of ongoing support for what we are doing and mean a great deal to us. As we go into our 38th year of publication with this issue (#748) I felt I had not adequately made note of just how much we depend on the articles for publication we get, almost all from readers. We have yet to come up short for an issue, thanks to this steady and ongoing desire by readers to share their stories with all of us. Yes, I do put together every issue but with-

out all this volunteer input we'd have not been able to keep going for so long.

So I did a count of contributors in 2019 and came up with 97. They are all listed below so you can fully realize how much of a cooperative effort *MAIB* is. The numbers after some indicate how many times their contributions appeared in the past year. All are not individuals, some are other publications and club newsletters that share their news they feel might be of interest to us. Lack of space prevents any elaboration on any or all of this list, but I can say, I trust with your approval, "Thank You All" for all you have done over the past 37 years to make *MAIB* what it is.

In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 Harkening Back With Harvey
- 4 Tall Ships in Buffalo
- 5 2019 Mariner Class Association National Rendezvous
- 7 Breaking the Mold
- 8 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: The 1994 Oarmaster Trials
- 12 Out of Gloucester
- 16 Battery Powered Canal Crawl
- 18 *Dinghy Cruising*: The Dire Strait
- 21 Sea Stories & Tall Tales
- 22 The People of the Texas 200
- 24 Our Coast Guard in Action
- 26 Over the Horizon
- 28 Maine's First Ship
- 30 Nothing Half So Much Worth Doing
- 31 The *Sylvana* Beal Comes to Essex
- 32 JGTSCA
- 35 The East End Classic Boat Society
- 36 Peapod Build Resumes
- 37 The Apprenticeshop
- 38 Arch Davis Design
- 39 The Building of *Helge*
- 42 *Italmas* Revisited
- 43 From the Tiki Hut
- 44 The View from AlmostCanada
- 48 Another Look at Clam Girl
- 49 New Boat Designs at Duckworks
- 50 Phil Bolger & Friends on Design: 25 Years of Needless Damage to New England's Fishing Industry and Ecology: Part 2
- 53 From the Lee Rail
- 53 About Foil Sailboats
- 54 Trade Directory
- 58 Classified Marketplace
- 59 Shiver Me Timbers

On the Cover...

This action photo of a US Coast Guard rescue operation underway might better have appeared with my December issue Commentary about the high cost of rescuing those unfortunates who come to grief afloat but I didn't have it at the time. The story of why these folks are abandoning ship appears on page 24.

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, January 2020

2019 Contributors

- Susanne Altenburger 12
Rich Alves
Lenna Young Andrews
Apprenticeshop 4
Arch Davis Design 4
Arey's Pond Boatyard
Bay of Maine Boats
J.F. Bedard
Michael Beebe 5
Beechwood YC
Beetle Shop
Conbert Benneck 4
Andre Bertolino
Kevin Brennan 2
Jim Brown 3
Mississippi Bob Brown 9
Gloria Burge 10
Harold Burnham 2
Frank Carlton
Canoe Sailor
Chebacco News
Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum 6
Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club
James B. Connolly 4
Greg Cook
CRAB Sailing
David Cohen
Jean Jacques d'Aquin
Delaware River Chapter TSCA 3
C. Henry Depew 12
Dinghy Cruising Journal 11
John Dobbs
East End Classic Boat Society
Easthampton Star Magazine
David Eden
Epoxyworks
Mark & Sarah Fisher
Jim Flood
Wendell Gallagher 4
John Gardner Chapter TSCA 6
Susan Gately
Hugh Groth 2
Greg Grundtisch 3
Lou Guarino
Robert B. Hoge
Annie Holmes
Richard Honan 5
Hugh Horton
- David Hume
Ike Jeanes
Ed Jenne
Fred Jennings
Chris Kaiser 2
Dave Lucas 9
Maine's First Ship
Ed McCabe
Bob McAuley
Boyd Mefferd 3
Pike Messenger 2
Jack Mizrahi
Wes Modes
Mark Nelson
Norumbega Chapter WCHA 5
John Nystrom 3
Douglas Oeller 7
Ontario Adventure Rowing
Oru Kayak
Harvey Petersiel 12
Ann Marie Plane
Points East Magazine
Jeff Potter
Dean Raffaellit
Joe Reisner
Doc Regan 14
John W. Robinson 3
Dan Rogers 17
Eric Russell
Hilary Russell
Capt. Michael Rutstein
Stephen Salley
Richard Schaab
Irwin Schuster 5
Shallow Water Sailor 2
Ship's Log 7
John Smith 2
Ken Spring
Arthur Strock
Mary Kay Taylor
US Coast Guard 11
Tamsin Venn
Watercraft UK
Scott White
W.S. White
Michael R. Wing
Richard Winslow III 4
Wisconsin Canoe Heritage Museum
Duncan Wright 3



Harkening Back With Harvey
"Small craft images from today as viewed through a long ago lens."
Images by Harvey Petersiel
Getting There



The week and weekend of July Fourth saw a dozen tall ships arrive in Buffalo, New York, for a five day waterfront event at Canalside in the Buffalo Inner Harbor. The lovely and talented Naomi and I arrived at China Light lighthouse on the opposite side of the harbor entrance along with hundreds of others to photograph the ships as they arrived from Lake Erie, down the two mile Outer Harbor to the entrance of Buffalo's Inner Harbor at Canalside.

We waited for several hours past the originally (*Buffalo News*) scheduled 1pm arrival time, but around 2pm we could see sails in the distance and about 3:30pm they finally got to the Outer Harbor. It was after 4pm when they were within camera shot outside the harbor entrance to gather for a "Parade to Canalside," one after another past our China Lighthouse location with cannon fire from reenactors of the War of 1812 and a band playing on the other side of the harbor. The ships passed hundreds of onlookers on both sides waving and shouting, music playing, horns blasting and the cannon fire making for an impressive welcoming to Buffalo.

The first to enter was a Coast Guard vessel that led the ships to the entrance, and the lead tall ship was the brig *Niagara*, home Port Erie, Pennsylvania. The next was *Empire Sandy* a three masted schooner from Toronto, Ontario. The next two ships were the ones that I was waiting for, the *Pride of Baltimore II* and *Bluenose II* (or is it III?). The number of ships totaled 12 and some of them just circled around the harbor dropping sails and getting into position for docking in Erie Basin on the opposite side of the harbor. At Canalside the dockage was limited so two locations were used for the event.



Pride of Baltimore.



Bluenose II passing crowds headed towards Canalside and the Inner Harbor.

It was a four day weekend event with the Fourth of July falling on Thursday. We did not take in any of the weekend events or tour ships' decks or sail on some that offered short trips. We did return for the fireworks that Naomi mandated we attend. She loves fireworks and they were very impressive.

4 – *Messing About in Boats*, January 2020

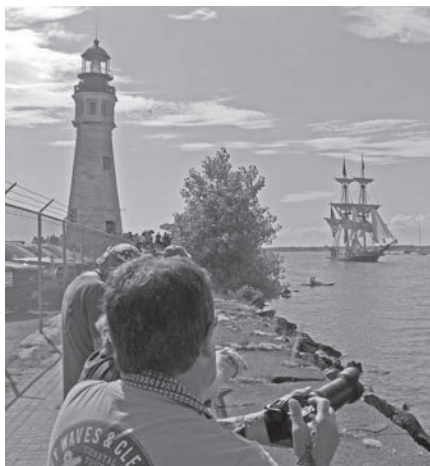
Tall Ships in Buffalo

By Greg Grundtisch



Roger Allen and some of the BMC volunteers on the *O.K. Clark*, the Buffalo maritime Center's No Mans Land boat, head out to greet the ships.

The ships in attendance were *Bluenose II*, *Pride of Baltimore*, *Niagara*, *Empire Sandy*, *Pride of Buffalo*, *Friends Good Will*, *Appledore IV* and *V*, *Oriole*, *St Lawrence II*, *Picton Castle* and *Dennis Sullivan*. The *Dennis Sullivan* carried a raffee topsail. This uncommon sail today was common on Great Lakes schooners. It has a triangular shape but on a square yard (Google it). For many more photos and information about this past event put Buffalo tall ships in the search. There are some really good ones.



Brig *Niagara* approaching China Light.



Empire Sandy.



Pride of Buffalo.



Dennis Sullivan.

The next impressive thing at Canalside is currently underway with the construction of the "Longshed." This is to house the building of a replica of the packet boat that Dewitt Clinton sailed the length of the Erie Canal on its opening in 1825. The Longshed will be repurposed after the boat's construction is completed in approximately three to four years. The building of the packet boat will be done by the Buffalo Maritime Center, its many dedicated volunteers and any of the public who would like to take part in the project. It is to be completed and ready for the Erie Canal Bicentennial Celebration.

For more on all that go to the Buffalo Maritime Center's website or call them. The contact number is on the site along with information about the packet boat and other ongoing projects at the Center as well.



buffalomaritimecenter.org

2019 Mariner Class Association National Rendezvous

August 2-4, Niantic to Mystic Seaport

By Nate Bayreuther (#1922 *Orion*)

Maybe it was because *Orion* had such a late launching this past spring due to school and work commitments. Or maybe it was because I had recently been reading a number of sailing narratives. Or maybe it simply was the excitement of returning to a familiar yet exciting destination. Or maybe it was because so many new people were coming. Whatever the reason, by the time Thursday, August 1, rolled around, I was itching to get to the Niantic River launch ramp to meet up with other Mariner sailors and officially begin the 2019 Mariner National Rendezvous.

I had already packed some gear and the sailing rig for my 9' Dyer Dhow *True Love* in *Orion's* cabin the previous week, so when I showed up at Niantic Thursday evening I quickly rowed out to *Orion*, stowed a few extra belongings and motored over to the launch ramp to see who was there.

Since 2009 I have organized a rendezvous for the Mariner Class Association, an organization dedicated to encourage and promote the use of the 19' Mariner sailboat. Designed by the legendary Philip Rhodes and originally manufactured by O'Day from 1963-1979, it was briefly produced by Rebel/Spindrift before Stuart Marine took over in the early 1980s, remarkably, production continues to this day.

With over 4,000 Mariners made, they remain extremely popular as a racer, pocket cruiser and daysailer. Specifically intended for family fun, it's a blast to get together with other Mariner sailors and the various rendezvous organized here in Niantic, Connecticut, have taken us to nearby places such as Mystic Seaport, Essex, New London, Groton, Fisher's Island and Stonington. Sailors have trailered their Mariners from all across the country to participate over the years. This year, ten boats and 25 sailors registered for the rendezvous, including four new skippers with their families. It was shaping up to be another great event and I was anxious to meet the new folks and reconnect with rendezvous veterans.

I anchored in the shallow mooring field near the ramp and rowed the *True Love* to the ramp's floating docks. In short order I met up with fellow Connecticut sailors Alan Schaeffer (#2470 *Sialia*) and his children Joseph and Lydia, and Chris Albert (#2714 *Flotsam*). Bruce Robbins (#3200 *Nora Rose*) with friend and crewmate Mural Rao had arrived from New Jersey and Eric Flower's boat (#1871 *SeaFlower*) was there and fully rigged but he and his wife Joanne had gone back home for the night since they live only a few miles away from the launch ramp in East Lyme.

Later on in the evening Dave Oatley (#2186 *Nantucket*) came with his two young sons Jackson and Bennett from New Jersey and, after chatting with them for a while, I left *Orion* at anchor and rowed across the river in the *True Love* to spend the night at my parents' house. I was looking forward to seeing the rest of the sailors in the morning.

When Friday dawned and I rowed back over to the launch ramp it was alive with activity. Steve Creighton (#629 *Blind Squirrel*) and Joanne McCarthy from New Jersey were in the process of launching their boat and Andy Stotz (#3223 *Sheldon Jones*) with wife Bonny and son Andy had just arrived from Maine. Dan Meaney (#2024 *Clew Sea*

Nuf) showed up with daughter Madeline from Ellington, Connecticut, and a phone call from Pennsylvania sailors Ed Wise (#2862 *Christina T*) and crew Steve Hock reassured me that despite trailer troubles they were only a couple of hours behind schedule and would meet us later at the Seaport on their own. Everyone was accounted for.



Eric Flower launches #1871 *SeaFlower* at the Niantic River Launch Ramp.

We left at 11am in order to take advantage of the tide and allow for the wind to gather a bit of strength since it is typically pretty light in the morning. After we all left the launch ramp and motored underneath the Niantic highway and railroad bridges, the wind was still rather faint, but we were able to easily get around Millstone Point and head east. Unfortunately, after only a short time the wind dropped off almost completely and the only headway we had left was with what little air remained in our sails and the outgoing current.

Occasionally, a powerboat would roar by, rocking the fleet with its wake and temporarily halting momentum. A number of us started telling jokes on the VHF and, as I was just about in the middle of the group at that time, I found it very amusing to hear the various laughs and groans all around me as the punch lines were delivered. (How much does it cost a pirate to pierce his ears? A "buck an ear.")

Although progress was slow, it was a beautiful day and there was plenty to look at. We took pictures of each other's boats, observed a wooden schooner slowly plodding along on the horizon, waved at passengers on the Orient Point Ferry and even spotted two nuclear submarines, one coming into the Thames River in New London and one headed out to sea. Both were escorted by heavily armed patrol boats and tugs and it was really quite something to witness. At this point we finally broke down and motored with our sails up for about a half hour before the wind picked up off Ledge Light and we were able to do some honest to goodness sailing.



Dave Oatley sailing to Mystic in #2186 *Nantucket* with Bruce Robbins in #3200 *Nora Rose* in the background.

We had an easy passage to Noank before the wind died again but we simply took our sails down and motored up the Mystic River, passing through the mooring field and gathering just before the Mystic railroad bridge. After waiting until the bottom of the hour, it opened for us and we made our way to the Mystic Highway bridge which opened ten minutes later.

It's always a wonderful experience to make the approach to the Seaport and see the empty floating docks waiting for us. Having radioed the Mystic Seaport dock office after going through the bridges, a number of dockhands were waiting to help us tie up. One by one, Mariners made their way into the slips and motors were shut off, awnings were erected, cockpits and cabins were tidied. We had officially arrived.



The group arriving at Mystic Seaport.

For the rest of the afternoon and evening, sailors walked around the Seaport, made their way downtown to eat dinner and generally hung around the docks. Only a couple of hours after everyone had tied up, Ed Wise and Steve Hock were seen motoring up the river, and we welcomed them as they joined the rest of the fleet.

I spent a good deal of time simply laying back in the cockpit of *Orion*, watching the sun go down and chatting with fellow sailors. A tasty meal at the nearby restaurant Latitude 41 was most enjoyable and an evening beer with Steve, Chris Albert and Dan Meaney onboard *Orion* was a great end to the day. It was pretty late by the time I walked with my gear bag to the north end of the Seaport to take a quick shower and, although it was a bit of a hike from where we were berthed at the south end, the heads were clean and no one else was around. I returned to *Orion* where I read a few chapters of a book, listened to a little Vivaldi and turned in for the night, exhausted yet happy.

I was surprised when I woke up the next morning to find us completely immersed in fog. Everything in the cockpit was dripping wet when I crawled out of the cabin but the rising sun quickly dissipated the fog and eventually dried our boats.



Waking up to morning fog. The author's boat (#1922 *Orion*) is in the foreground with his 9' Dyer Dhow *True Love* tied alongside.

Other sailors were also stretching their legs but a few were still appreciating the chance to sleep in. Some walked to the Seaport's bakery to find breakfast while others walked downtown, a number of sailors simply made their own meals onboard their Mariners.

The rest of the morning was taken up by two excellent tours provided by the Seaport exclusively for our group. We enjoyed an in depth tour of the Henry B. duPont Shipyard where the multi year restoration of the *Mayflower II*, owned by Plimoth Plantation in Massachusetts, was coming to a successful conclusion. Later we toured the Watercraft Hall across the street where more than 450 small boats are stored and everyone thoroughly enjoyed both tours.

The rest of the day was spent visiting the Seaport exhibits, touring the historic ships, shopping at stores in the downtown and simply enjoying our incomparable surroundings. I sailed around in the *True Love* and Steve Creighton and Joanne McCarthy hopped in #629 *Blind Squirrel*, sailing up close past the docks and even photographed by curious museum visitors. In the late afternoon everybody gathered for an "open boat" time where sailors can tour all the Mariners docked and chat about new ideas and interesting tips. This year I encouraged everyone to bring snacks to share and everyone did.



Steve Creighton and Joanne McCarthy exploring the Seaport aboard #629 *Blind Squirrel*.



Sailors checking out the docked Mariners during the "Open Boat" time.

Eric and Joanne Flowers' boat was the most popular, Eric had spent a tremendous amount of time restoring and upgrading #1871 *SeaFlower* and she was really a sight to see. The cabin, complete with a premium sound system with speakers, electrical panel, lighting, bedding, window shades, cushions and more, looked as if it could com-

fortably sustain a cruising couple for a month or more. The exterior was just as elaborate with immaculate wood trim, a new forward hatch, cockpit speakers, stanchions with lifelines and a beautiful paint job. They also won everyone over with the "snack" they supplied, a cooler of beer.

After a great time of visiting and taking pictures, we gathered for a group picture before dispersing to find our own dinners. I ended up joining some friends at the famed Mystic Pizza downtown and afterward we moseyed back to the docks. I took the opportunity to walk around alone a bit and take some pictures as the sun was setting and before I went to bed.

All those who visit the Seaport by boat and rent dock space are given freedom to wander around the grounds at night and it is a completely different place when the gates have shut to the public and the place is seemingly all yours. Everything is very quiet and you start to feel the sense of history all around you. Once a busy shipyard in the mid-1800s, the Seaport embraces its past and it is a unique experience to be there after hours.

Sunday morning dawned with a bright sun and clear skies and once again sailors slowly emerged from their cabins and went to go find some breakfast and coffee. Most awnings were left up as long as possible to let the sun dry them off, but eventually those were stowed below as preparations were made to depart the Seaport and make the 9:40am Mystic highway bridge opening. I derigged the *True Love*, securing her spars and oars and putting her sail inside *Orion's* cabin.

A few last minute purchases were made and after a short meeting on the docks for some final instructions, we all cast off at the bottom of the hour, patiently waiting for the bridge to open, which it did, right on schedule. We powered through both the highway and railroad bridges and all the way down the Mystic River until we got to open water off Noank.



Dan Meaney with daughter Madeline sailing #2024 *Clew Sea Nuf* back to Niantic.

The whole gang!



A decent breeze greeted us and we happily raised our sails and headed west to Niantic. Although the wind was on our nose, the current was with us and we had a fine time tacking through Fisher's Island Sound.



Andy Stotz and family motoring #3223 *Sheldon Jones* toward the Niantic River bridges en route back to the launch ramp.

As each boat entered Niantic Bay, sails were lowered and outboards were started to get through the Niantic railroad bridge. Everyone was on their own to get to the launch ramp and haul out their boats as promptly as possible to make way for other boats coming in, but unlike last year the ramp was not overcrowded so all the Mariners were retrieved from the water in good order and without incident.

I was able to tie up on the end of one of the ramp's floating docks and I went ashore to assist with derigging boats and take some pictures. After one last group picture was taken, I went to *Orion* and motored her back to her mooring, cleaned out her cabin and rowed the *True Love* to the beach. It was another successful event I know I'll be thinking about for a long time.

One memory of the event that particularly stands out is when I was simply walking around the Seaport grounds, relishing the sunshine and watching all the visitors taking in all the sights. I would frequently see a Mariner sailor in the midst of them and we would exchange smiles and waves before continuing on our way. This happened all weekend long and it was nice to be surrounded by our own little Mariner "community" enjoying each other's company. We're a tightly knit bunch, us Mariner sailors, and I look forward to this gathering on the water every year.

On my drive home that evening I happened to see a Mariner at a rest stop on Interstate 95. I pulled into the parking lot and immediately recognized #2862 *Christina T*. Sure enough, Ed Wise and Steve Hock were inside getting a bite to eat and I surprised both of them before continuing home. It was a great little postscript to the whole Rendezvous and plans for the 2020 event are already in the works.

About Our Orion

Orion is a 1970 O'Day Mariner 2+2, hull #1922, built in Fall River, Massachusetts. The boat spent much of her life in New Jersey, eventually finding her way to Surf City. She was owned by only a couple of people in her 30+ years of active sailing and she found herself for sale again at the end of 2006. As I was actively searching for an O'Day Mariner fitting her description, Newt Wattis of the Surf City Yacht Club notified me of her availability.

On one pleasant day at the end of February 2007, my wife and I traveled from Connecticut to Surf City to see her for ourselves. Upon our arrival, I was pleased to see her in pretty good shape overall, no big structural issues, mostly only cosmetic issues typical for a boat of that vintage. It wasn't too long after that I got in touch with the owner of the boat, made an offer and she was ours. All that remained was to go back to Surf City and pick her up. That proved to be a heck of a journey.

Two months later, in the middle of April, my father was kind enough to accompany us on our second excursion to Surf City. The three of us worked for about two hours, taking things apart, unrigging the mast and securing it, changing tires and generally making sure we had all the equipment and everything was ready to go for a long trip back home. It was an extremely nerve wracking trip as every pothole and bump in the road made the trailer creak and groan. After five hours we finally made it back to Wallingford, Connecticut.

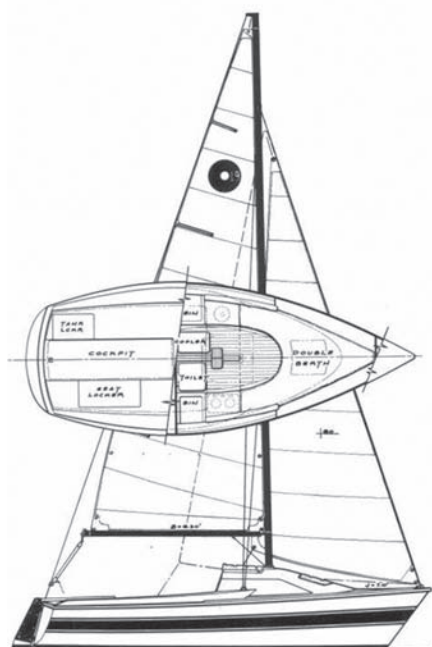
Our First Sail!

My wife and I named her *Orion* as that is our favorite constellation and it seemed to fit the best. I worked to get new parts, including a new mast and all new hardware before she was launched July 6, 2007. As time went on and I undertook more and more projects to improve the boat, I began documenting my work on a website which came online November of 2008. I continue to sail her as often as I possibly can and I plan to take good care of her and make improvements with the hopes of sailing her for many years to come.

About the Mariner 19

The Mariner 19 is a small recreational keelboat built predominantly of fiberglass. It has a fractional sloop rig, a rounded raked stem, a vertical transom, a transom hung rudder controlled by a tiller and a fixed fin keel or optional centerboard. It displaces 1,430 lbs (649 kg). It has a small cuddy cabin which was made larger in 1969 under the model designation of "2+2." The keel equipped version of the boat has a draft of 3.30' (1.01m), while the centreboard equipped version has a draft of 4.92' (1.50m) with the centreboard extended and 0.83' (0.25m) with it retracted, allowing beaching or ground transportation on a trailer. The boat is normally fitted with a small outboard motor for docking and maneuvering. The design has a hull speed of 5.65kn (10.46km/h).

The design was initially built in 1962 by O'Day Corporation in the United States. O'Day sold the molds to Rebel Industries in 1980 and that company built the design as the Spindrift One, with a modified cabin, with 76 boats completed. Stuart Marine became the licensed builder in 1986 and the design remained in production in 2018. The Mariner 19 shares the same hull design as the Rhodes 19.



Development	
Designer	Phillip Rhodes
Location	United States
Year	1962
Builder(s)	O'Day Corporation Rebel Industries Stuart Marine
Boat	
Boat weight	1,430 lb (649 kg)
Draft	3.30 ft (1.01 m)
Hull	
Type	Monohull
Construction	Fiberglass
LOA	19.16 ft (5.84 m)
LWL	17.75 ft (5.41 m)
Beam	7.00 ft (2.13 m)
Engine type	Outboard motor
Hull appendages	
Keel/board type	fin keel with a weight bulb
Rudder(s)	transom-mounted rudder
Rig	
Rig type	Bermuda rig
I (foretriangle height)	20.00 ft (6.10 m)
J (foretriangle base)	6.90 ft (2.10 m)
P (mainsail luff)	23.00 ft (7.01 m)
E (mainsail foot)	10.00 ft (3.05 m)
Sails	
Sailplan	Fractional rigged sloop
Mainsail area	115.00 sq ft (10.684 m²)
Jib/genoa area	69.00 sq ft (6.410 m²)
Total sail area	184.00 sq ft (17.094 m²)

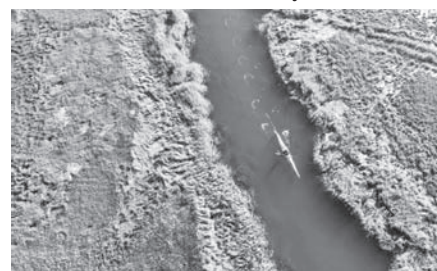
Breaking the Mold Trampling the Trope on Older Women

International Women's Week, the first week in March, is a week of celebration, education and awareness surrounding women's and gender issues. The United Nations marks the week with annual conferences on equality. To raise awareness locally in Ipswich, Massachusetts, Jan Lindsay and photographer Coco McCabe will put on an exhibition that focuses on older women who have chosen unexpected and physical ways to express their zest for living, who've honed their craft over decades.

"We thought it'd fit well during International Women's Month," says Lindsay, who is an accomplished mountain biker and registered nurse. "The idea behind the project grew from a growing sense that, as a 60-something-year-old woman, I was becoming invisible. And surveying older women friends, I discovered that it resonated."

"We could feel our youth idolizing culture throwing older people, particularly older women, into the shadows. My hope is to throw that trope into a different light." The exhibition at Zumi's Coffee Shop in Ipswich, Massachusetts, in March, will include photos of eight local women in action, paired with their stories. These photos taken of *Atlantic Coastal Kayaker* publisher Tamsin Venn kayaking on Fox Creek through her local Ipswich marshes, will be part of the exhibit.

The Fox Creek Canal provided the final link in a chain of navigable water from the Merrimack River through Plum Island Sound to the Essex River on the Massachusetts North Shore. This allowed shipping of primarily lumber from New Hampshire to the shipyards in Essex without risking passage on the open ocean. It was also used for the local transport of farm and other goods, especially salt marsh hay, hence its other name. Today, the canal is not maintained, is entirely tidal and is used recreationally,



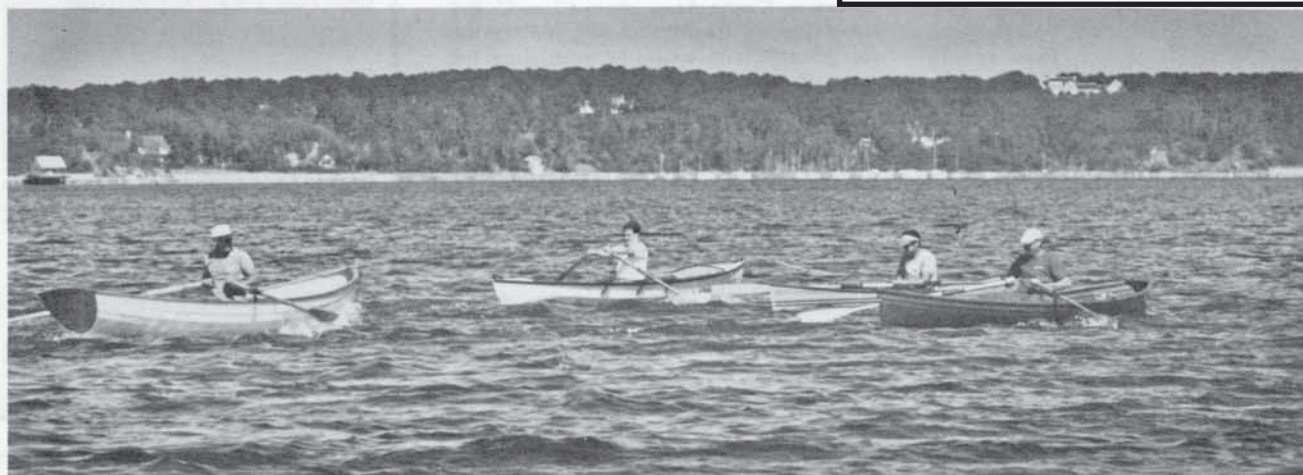
The 1994 Oarmaster Trials

Statistics from Frank Durham

Photos by Barry Donahue

No report, Editor was at Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival.

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



From the left: "Winner" in Seabright, Ben Booth in Monument River wherry, Bob Powers & Russ Smith in the Middle Path boats.



Bob Powers (left) in the Monument River wherry and Ben Booth in one of the Middle Path boats muscle it out.

Front to back, Bob Powers in Monument River wherry, Ben Booth in Skua and Russ Smith in Seabright skiff.



BOAT DATA

#	Description	LOA	LWL	beam	spread	wt (lbs)
1	Piscataqua River wherry (O'Reilly)	16' 00.0"	14' 08.0"	47.0"	47.0"	176
2	Piscataqua River Wherry (Daley)	16' 07.0"	14' 02.0"	51.0"	52.5"	177
3	Middle Path Sockeye	16' 00.0"	15' 07.0"	33.5"	41.5"	76
4	Whitehall (Goddard)	15' 00.8"	14' 04.0"	50.0"	51.0"	379
5	Middle Path Skua	16' 01.8"	15' 09.0"	38.4"	40.8"	95
6	Whitehall (Donahue)	14' 11.0"	14' 09.0"	44.5"	?	358
7	Banks Dory (MSM)	18' 02.0"	13' 06.0"	59.0"	59.0"	422
8	Muskoka Lakes Skiff	17' 00.0"	16' 02.0"	44.0"	43.5"	84
9	GRP Dinghy	11'	10' 08.0"	52.0"	49.5"	117
10	Crawford Gunning Dory	14' 10.0"	12' 01.0"	48.0"	44.0"	124
11	Monument River Wherry	16' 11.0"	15' 06.0"	44.0"	49.5"	127
12	Seabright Light	17' 08.0"	15' 06.0"	52.0"	52.0"	175
13	Stretched Gull (Cushing)	19' 00.0"	14' 10.0"	51.0"	51.0"	164
14	Stretched Gull (Yorke)	19' 06.0"	14' 06.0"	48.0"	48.0"	134
15	Standard Gull (Smith)	15' 02.0"	12' 02.0"	48.5"	47.5"	169

The Players --

Boats (owners)

- 1 Piscataqua River wherry (Dan O'Reilly)
- 2 Piscataqua River wherry (John Daley)
- 3 Middle Path "Sockeye" (A.DeBardelaben)
- 4 Whitehall (Goddard)
- 5 Middle Path "Skua" (Middle Path/Booth)

- 6 Whitehall (Barry Donahue)
- 7 Banks dory (Mystic Seaport Museum)
- 8 Muskoka Lakes skiff (John Duncan)
- 9 GRP Dinghy (Dock Shuter)
- 10 Crawford gunning dory (Steve Woll)

- 11 Monument River wherry (Jon Aborn)
- 12 Seabright light (Bob Powers)
- 13 Stretched Gloucester Gull (Mike Cushing)
- 14 Stretched Gloucester Gull (Bob Yorke)
- 15 Gloucester Gull (Bernie Smith)

Rowers

- 1 Bob Powers (Hull, MA)
- 2 Peter Corbett (Brewster, MA)
- 3 Paul Hickman (Marshfield, MA)
- 4 David Duncan (Potomac, MD)
- 5 Bob Yorke (Scituate, MA)

- 6 Steve Woll (Pembroke, MA)
- 7 Kinley Gregg (York, ME)
- 8 Doug Scott (Newbury, MA)
- 9 Mike Cushing (Squantum, MA)
- 10 Dan O'Reilly (Kittery, ME)

- 11 Russ Smith (Ledyard, CT)
- 12 Barry Donahue (Brewster, MA)
- 13 Ben Booth (Mashpee, MA)
- 14 Fred Meda, Jr. (Norfolk, MA)
- 15 Dock Shuter (Glasco, NY)

RESULTS BY BOAT, HEAT (The number of the rower in each heat is in parentheses)

Division I

boat	heat 1	heat 2	heat 3	heat 4	heat 5	total
1 Piscataqua Riv. wherry (O'Reilly)	6:06(1)	6:44(2)	7:43(3)	7:16(4)	6:47(5)	34:36
2 Piscataqua Riv. wherry (Daley)	7:00(5)	6:27(1)	7:39(2)	7:22(3)	7:28(4)	35:56
3 "Sockeye" (DeBardelaben)	5:52(4)	6:10(5)	5:42(1)	7:32(2)	7:38(3)	32:54 *
4 Whitehall (Goddard)	7:42(3)	7:39(4)	8:21(5)	7:05(1)	8:01(2)	38:48
5 "Skua" (MP/Booth)	7:23(2)	7:02(3)	6:58(4)	6:17(5)	5:53(1)	33:33

Division II:

boat	heat 1	heat 2	heat 3	heat 4	heat 5	total
6 Whitehall (Barry Donahue)	7:47(6)	10:42(7)	7:35(8)	8:01(9)	7:16(10)	41:21
7 Banks Dory (Mystic Seaport)	7:21(10)	8:33(6)	8:58(7)	7:58(8)	8:20(9)	41:10
8 Muskoka Lakes Skiff (Duncan)	6:07(9)	6:11(10)	6:32(6)	6:57(7)	5:56(8)	31:43 *
9 GRP dinghy (Dock Shuter)	7:27(8)	7:48(9)	7:25(10)	7:28(6)	9:15(7)	39:23
10 Crawford Gun. Dory (Woll)	7:50(7)	6:29(8)	6:58(9)	6:32(10)	6:40(6)	34:29

Division III:

boat	heat 1	heat 2	heat 3	heat 4	heat 5	total
11 Monument Riv. Wherry (Aborn)	5:59(11)	6:28(12)	5:58(13)	7:16(14)	6:17(15)	31:58 *
12 Seabright lt. (Powers)	6:35(15)	6:05(11)	6:57(12)	6:19(13)	7:07(14)	33:03
13 Stretch G. Gull (Cushing)	7:15(14)	7:21(15)	6:51(11)	7:01(12)	6:07(13)	34:35
14 Stretch G. Gull (Yorke)	5:59(13)	6:53(14)	6:40(15)	6:24(11)	7:15(12)	33:11
15 Gloucester Gull (Bernie Smith)	7:15(12)	6:33(13)	7:48(14)	7:12(15)	7:13(11)	36:01

Division IV (The finals):

boat	heat 1	heat 2	heat 3	heat 4	total
3 "Sockeye"	5:46(1)	6:00(10)	6:05(13)	6:19(11)	24:18
8 Muskoka Lakes skiff	6:02(11)	6:00(1)	5:51(10)	6:17(13)	24:10
11 Monument River Wherry	5:46(13)	6:11(11)	5:56(1)	5:55(10)	23:48 *
12 Seabright light	5:52(10)	6:04(13)	6:22(11)	6:07(1)	24:25



MAAS ROWING SHELLS
AB INFLATABLES
PUFFIN DINGHIES
HONDA OUTBOARDS
THULE RACKS
SHAW & TENNEY OARS
55 Spicer Ave., Noank, CT 06340
(860) 536-6930

WEST WIGHT POTTER OWNERS WEB SITE

Technical & Modification Data

List of Potter Owners Worldwide!

Great Sailing Stories & Helpful Tips

No Dues.....Just Information!

www.wwpotterowners.com

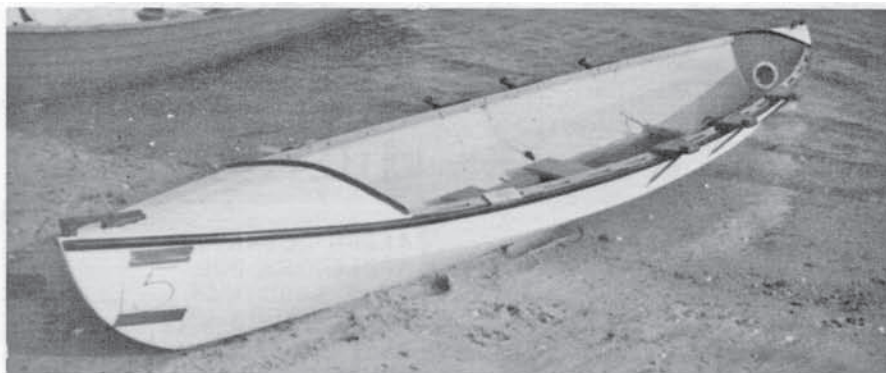
Wing Systems Touring Shell The 1 Boat Fleet



Clearance Sale Making Way for New Models

A breakthrough in performance, versatility, safety and value. Wing's Touring Shell converts in minutes from single or double rowing shell into a single or double touring kayak. Easy enough for a child to handle, fast on smooth water, safe on open water. Cartop it anywhere.

Wing Systems
P.O. Box 568, Dept. 2A3
Oyster Bay, NY 11711
For Orders: (516) 922-2655 Collect



And the Winnah was... The Monument River Wherry

By Jon Aborn

As a serious fixed seat rower most of my adult life and an amateur boatbuilder sometimes, I found myself three years ago in need of a new boat. My Piscataqua River Wherry had served me well but was starting to show her age. More importantly, I wanted a new boat that would surpass the wherry in performance. The wherry is an excellent boat but after countless hours underway I envisioned a replacement that would be easier to row, faster and lighter, just as seaworthy, and capable of self rescue.

All the hours of rowing, all the racing, and participating in the Oarmaster events had given me some pretty definite ideas as to what I wanted. I first looked for an existing design that would meet my needs but every design that I looked at was rejected for various reasons; too heavy, too hard to build, wrong length or beam. I came to realize that I had already designed this boat in my mind's eye and to get just what I wanted I would have to do it myself. That I would build the boat myself was never an issue as I have built numerous boats over the years (too many if you ask Nancy, my wife!). If I kept my design conservative I reasoned that I probably knew enough to pull it off.

Design Criteria: The new boat must be capable of being rowed as a single or double with emphasis on its single qualities. It must be faster than the Piscataqua River Wherry and should be lighter with the target weight set at around 100 lbs. It must be a design that is easy and quick to build as my time available is always limited as are my financial resources. It must be seaworthy as I row year-round and have no desire to limit my rowing to protected waters, and it must be self-rescuing just in case. Finally, it must look right.

The Design Process: In order to ensure success I felt that I should be very conservative in my approach and work with what I knew best. The Piscataqua River Wherry was taken as a good starting point. Construction could be simplified by building her as double chine and using plywood and the stitch and glue technique. The flat bottom shape would be retained and lengthened slightly and the garboard deadrise would be retained. These two factors

should give me similar initial stability, I reasoned. Freeboard would be lowered to reduce windage and provide better behavior in a cross wind.

From the Oarmasters I knew that the waterline length should be about 15' in order to be competitive. The overall length was limited to 17' as greater length would compromise seaworthiness and make her too challenging for one person to row. In a departure from the wherry I added 2" of rocker to the bottom to improve behavior in a following sea and make her easier to turn. She is double ended simply because I like the way that type looks.

I also studied John Gardner's version of Herreshoff's 17' pulling bateau (Mystic's *Green Machine*) as I had rowed one as a double in the 1988 Blackburn Challenge and was very impressed. From this experience I learned that freeboard could be safely reduced, especially since I intended to add decks and flotation to my design. The ends of the bateau are full, as they are in my design to keep the bow from burying itself and to promote greater hull speed. The designers call this a high Prismatic Coefficient where the ends are relatively full and greater hull speed is claimed as a result. I reasoned that borrowing from a proven design such as Mr Gardner's bateau would be a safe method and would give me a reasonable chance of success.

Based on experience I knew that 1/4" plywood would be sufficient for the side planks and 3/8" was chosen for the bottom. To improve abrasion resistance the outside would be glassed. It was hoped that the hull would be sufficiently stiff so that no internal framing would be needed. If this was not the case it could always be added at a later date. A target weight was set at 100lbs.

Using a proven and time honored technique I built a half-hull model (1-1/2"= 1') applying all the design criteria that I had identified. It actually took about six months to complete the model as I changed it frequently and often let it sit for long periods in order to get a fresh perspective. I stopped when it looked right.

All that remained was a name for the new design. In a moment of whimsey I decided upon Monument River Wherry. The Monument River existed beside my home until it was obliterated by the construction of the Cape Cod Canal in 1914. I imagine it was a nice little tidal estuary and that I would have enjoyed rowing on it.

The Building Process: My intention all along had been to build this

boat myself but at this point I changed my plans and took the model down to Walter Baron's shop in Wellfleet. Walter builds solid honest boats at reasonable prices and he and I agreed that he would loft and build the hull and that I would finish it out. As I do not have a shop large enough for building this boat I was faced with the prospect of renting a space or building her outside after waiting for warm weather. Neither prospect was very appealing. Walter built a nice hull and I was able to finish her out in time for the upcoming season.

Performance: When all the design criteria are considered this boat is, in my opinion, a success. She built very easily and the final cost was quite reasonable. We used occume plywood for the hull so considerable savings could be realized by using fir ply or even luan.

She is very comfortable to row and moves through the water very easily and with no fuss. She is slightly more tender than the Piscataqua River Wherry but this has not been a problem for myself or anyone who has rowed her. She is also very fast, having won the Oarmaster Trials in 1994 and placing second in the 1993 Trials. She has proven to be able in the steep chop that is the trademark of Buzzards Bay. I have been out in 3-4' of sloppy seas with no problems and have never felt uncomfortable or concerned for my wellbeing.

When driven hard to windward in a chop it can get wet with spray and she pounds more than I wanted as a result of the full ends. But she has never buried her bow and never shipped any water except spray.

To correct a tendency to weathervane in a crosswind I added a small (2"x 18") skeg. The improvement was dramatic. She now tracks very well on all points and yet can be turned quickly. In a following sea she will surf spectacularly with no tendency to broach. When filled with water she stays upright and supports a rower. If swamped in rough water there will not be enough freeboard to allow bailing but she will provide a stable platform while awaiting rescue or paddling toward shore.

Summary: I am very pleased with what my limited knowledge has allowed me to achieve. It is particularly gratifying to see success from applying what are essentially obsolete design techniques; to create by eye and from years of experience around this type of craft. I would change a few things but would build essentially the same boat next time. In fact, I have reworked the model in anticipation of the next one. Don't tell Nancy!



And for the 1995 Oarmaster...

"Deservedly Famous Chinese "Foot Boats"?"

From *The Junkman Smiles*

Contributed by L. Casaer

From Hangchow I went by the various creeks to Shaohsing in one of the deservedly famous foot-boats, the lightning expresses of China. They are long and slender, though by no means light boats, and are said to be the direct descendants of the well-known Post Boats of the Tang Dynasty; indeed, even until comparatively recent times they were used for the carriage of mails, and later for the express letter service when it was inaugurated. Today, however, their main purpose is the rapid transport of passengers and light luggage. What makes them unpopular is that they are often used by agents when collecting rents. Human nature in China much resembles its European counterpart.

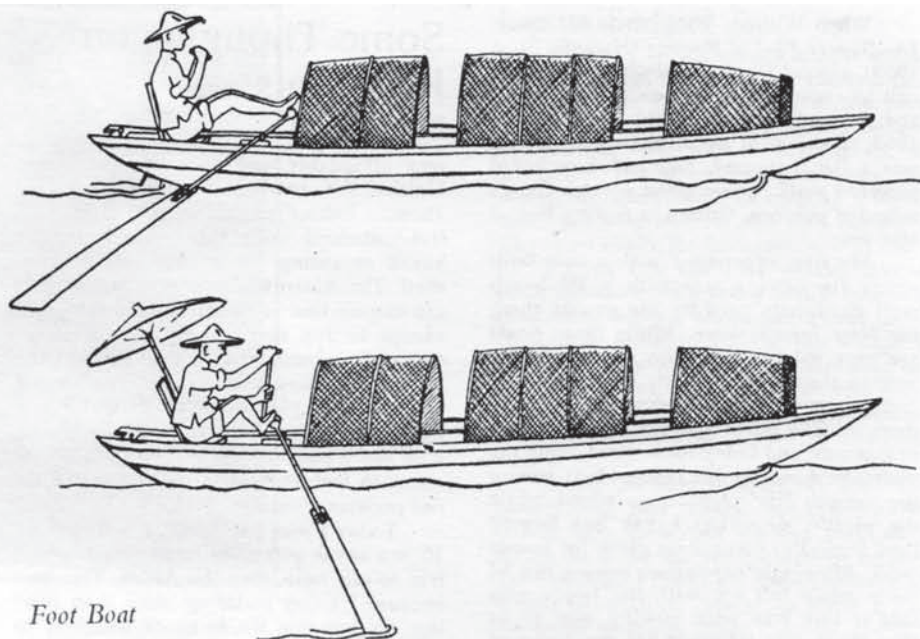
The boat is strengthened by seven bulkheads, the centre one being exactly amidships. From the after bulkhead to the stern the deck is flush with the gunwale and is exclusively used by the oarsman. Two midship wells, with a half bulkhead in each, serve for the passengers, who sit on the bottom of the boat or lie down, as they may desire. The mat roofing is in three parts, which can on fine days be slid back, allowing the passengers to enjoy the fresh air; and on rainy days the boat will be entirely closed in.

The creek routes through which we had to travel were very narrow and infested with robbers. For this reason my boatman insisted on leaving the mat roof behind, and made me lie flat on my face covered entirely with straw, on the bottom of the boat. As an additional precaution he hired a fat lady (for whom I had to pay) to sit on top of the straw and of me. Thus camouflaged, he said, it gave the impression that the boat was an innocent trader.

By stretching things a little it might perhaps be said that the footboat resembles a Thames punt, in that the passengers lie out in comparative comfort, and both craft have about the same amount of freeboard. Here, however, the resemblance ceases.

The craft is, of course, remarkable for its unusual method of propulsion. Its entire propelling equipment consists of an oar and a four foot paddle. The oar is shipped on the starboard side and is operated by the oarsman's feet, as shown in the illustration, while the paddle is used on the port side to supplement the oar and to steer. A rudder is provided, but is seldom used. The tiller is short and is operated by movements of the oarsman's back. Indeed, to watch these boats in operation is to believe that it is the one craft in the world that provides the maximum amount of human propulsion for the minimum of effort.

The mechanics employed in returning the oar for the stroke are very interesting. What seems so remarkable is the fact that the oarsman steers, and considerably augments his speed, with the paddle, yet often does so without appearing to synchronize the action of feet and arms.



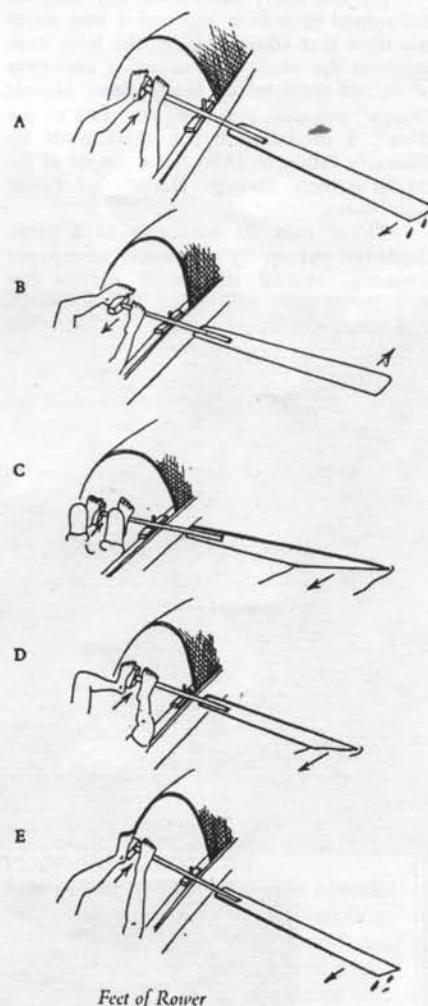
Foot Boat

The method of rowing might, on paper, seem clumsy and slow; but it is quite amazing how powerful it is in operation. Experienced oarsmen are so nonchalant in their performance that the oar appears to come back to the beginning of the stroke of its own volition. Actually, however, the oar is feathered by both feet and is drawn back to the body by the dexterous use of the big toe of the left foot. The endurance of the oarsmen is quite phenomenal; some have been known to row for twenty-four hours. A trip from Hangchow to Shanghai, 150 miles away, has been recorded in thirty-six hours.

The hulls of many of these boats are painted throughout their length, and here the shipwrights display their artistic ability, and their knowledge of history, religion and mythology, on vividly painted panels. Here may be seen pictures of gods and goddesses, mountains and trees, gardens and flowers, ladies and children, sages admiring the moon, poets seated in pavilions, travellers on hills and fishermen in boats. The more modern craft, however, are painted green with a red conventional device at bow and stern.

There is a grotesque air of ease and leisure about these boatmen. Shaded by an ample paper umbrella stepped in a bamboo socket, they kick their way along while cooking, eating, smoking, conversing with their passengers, and even playing the flute, without reducing speed. They appear to have an air of superiority over those who toil with their hands. Unhappily, the days of these nimble little boats are numbered. The march of science in the shape of the diesel driven launch is able to do all a foot-boat can do, and very much more besides.

With an almost indescribable movement of his feet, the oarsman works his long oar backwards and forwards, even causing it to feather as it skims forward over the water for the next stroke. Bracing himself against his backrest and bringing up his legs, his knees nearly touching his chin, he puts his whole weight into the stroke, and sends the boat forward at a rapid rate. The movements are repeated quite quickly.



Feet of Rower

The skipper, he'd be standin' on the quarter or aft, as I said, with one eye aloft like a gimlet all the time, to see how the *Nannie's* spars was standin' it. The other eye'd be ahead watchin' for I don't know what, unless it was a sight of the *Valkyrie*, though if ever he really expected to get a sight of her I can't say, for once we cleared that Norwegian port, from one end of the passage to the other, I never heard him say one word about her.

There was something else on his mind, I don't know what. All it was'd be a look to the chart every noon after he'd take a sight, that's whenever the sun'd be out, which weren't more'n half the time, a look at the log and the compass to check up, and then, "So many days out and we're so far. A fair average now, and we'll be home in so many days", him figuring it up on the slate that he'd bring up out of the cabin and lay on top the house, when it warn't too wet outside.

He didn't expect to make the passage in less than three weeks. I heard him say that myself. He never looked at that time of the year for a better chance than that. And three weeks is good sailin', let me tell you, for that distance with everyday luck in the way o' wind. If it had been winter now he'd nach'rally count on plenty o' wind all the way over, but it was too much luck to expect it this time.

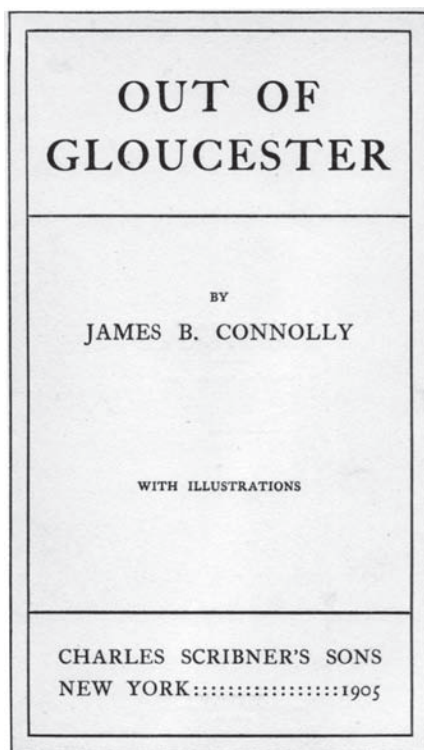
But we did get it, and the *Nannie* kept a-goin', and the average kept a-rasin'. When we started out I remembered he said 200 miles a day wouldn't be bad, but toward the end of it, seein' himself goin' along so fine, he begins to get nervous. "This fine breeze'll die out," he began to say when we was beginnin' to near this side, "this fine breeze'll die out and maybe we won't make such a fine passage after all."

He comes up on deck one day with a book of all kinds of sporting-records along with his sextant, and says, "Ever since my first trip on the *Nannie O*, and found she was a devil to sail, it's been deep in my heart to break all the best of those Atlantic records if I ever got the chance, and now I've got a chance, and a reason. Yes, by the Lord, a reason."

None of us knew what he meant by a reason, unless it was beatin' the *Valkyrie*, which he seemed to've forgotten all about, or beatin' the clipper-ship record, which he'd only seemed to just bring up. However, he goes on to read from the sportin' almanac, "From New York to Queenstown the sailin' record for yachts is twelve days and nine hours. How much would that be from Norway to Gloucester? Figure it out some of you."

So we bring the chart up on deck and spreads it out on the house, a man at each corner to hold it down, and logged it off with a pair of dividers. "Call it 2,850 miles from New York to Queenstown," we says, and 4,200 miles from Norway to Gloucester. That'd be over eighteen days for our passage," we says.

"If this breeze holds out I'm sure we'll beat that," says Tommie, but here's a better one," and he reads out of the book of records again. "Here's a dog of a record. Here's a sailin' record, an old clipper ship record I callate that must be from Liverpool to Boston, the western passage, twelve days and six hours. That's sailin' for you, That's sailin'. Some of those old clippers were dogs, warn't they? They cert'nly was. Now twelve days and six hours from Liverpool to Boston, chart the distance, that'll be how long for our passage?"



Tommie Ohlsen's Western Passage Part 2

From *Out of Gloucester* (1905)

We figures it out on the slate and tells him, seventeen days as near as we could figure it. "Seventeen days is it?" he says. "By the Lord, we'll beat that a day and that'll be sailin' sixteen days. Let's see now, we're fourteen days here this noon. Call it noon, anyway, only a few minutes now to twelve o'clock. I'll take a sight and see where we are. And d'y' know, but I wouldn't be surprised, but if this breeze holds out, we'll give that clipper-ship record a good beatin'."

"But, Skipper, she was a 1,500-ton square-rigger," speaks up somebody; "a big brute of a square-rigger."

"What's the odds if she was 15,000-ton, and rigged triangular, so long's we beat her?" says Tommie.

"In this little one, a 120-ton?" says the growlin' lad again.

"Yes, in this little one, if she was but twenty ton without the hundred, what difference does it make so she sails, and let me tell you she ain't too little to dare," says Tommie, beginnin' to get mad, and nobody said any more about that.

He takes a sight, and finds that we was in 44.30 latitude and 56 longitude then. That put us half way between the Grand Banks and Quero, somewhere to the southerly edge of Saint Peer Bank, and our soundings showed for it, too. About 650 miles, that's sea miles, from home, then and fourteen days out.

"Six hundred and fifty miles and forty-eight hours to go. She'll make it," says Tommie, "the *Nannie* 'll make it. Let this breeze hold out and we'll make her make it. All hands come aft now and listen to me. Split yourselves into two gangs and stand by from now on to trim sheets night and day.

"No more card playing for'ard, no more poker, nor forty-fives, nor whist, nor no more takin' it easy in your bunks when you're not on watch. From this on out no more sleep for anybody aboard this one, not until we get into Gloucester. And if there's anybody ain't in oilskins he'd better get into them, for it's wet decks and everybody standin' by from now on. No more sail comes down unless it blows down. There's your orders if I'm not on deck any time," he says, and looks around to make sure everybody heard him.

"Sway up," he says, and we begin to sway up. Everybody heaves away on the halyards, and when we couldn't pull in another inch, when everything was flat as boards, he goes around deck and takes an extra half-hitch to every halyard. "Now they won't slip," he says, and there was the divil in his eye.

That night in a thick o' fog we ran by Sable Island. We must've gone pretty close to the no'the-east bar because one time we found ourselves in twenty fathoms of water. That sondin' worried some of us, but not the Skipper. "Will we hold her up," we says. "Blessed Lord, no," he says, "keep her goin'". Straight courses makes short passages. If we go seesawing all over the ocean, there's no tellin' when we'll get home. Twenty fathom," he says. "And we drawin' only fifteen feet three or four. Keep her goin'."

And we kept her goin', listening for the surf because we knew we'd never see the light in that fog. Straight to the west'ard we druv her, and sometime afore mornin' it must've been we went by the no'the-west bar, because at daybreak we could make out the surf under our lee quarter, and that couldn't be anything but the no'the-west bar.

From there, the no'the-west bar, we got the fairest kind of slant. "Wing her out for Cape Sable," says Tommie. And we wung her out, and down the Cape shore she flew, with the ten dories in her waist as good's a stuns'l to her. It came thick o' fog again and all the way along the *Nannie* was goin' blind. Drivin' by the no'therly edge of La Have we thought we might fall foul o' somebody, but not the smell of a sail did we get till we almost ran into a three-masted schooner layin' to anchor just to the east'ard of Cape Sable.

Layin' to an anchor she was, I tell you, and we was swingin' both tops'ls. We was comin' along, all foam and smoke then, and couldn't see the length of the vessel, when all at once we heard voices and then almost under our bowsprit was this big three-master. We whipped the *Nannie* clear just in time to save her, or maybe to save both of us, I don't know how. I only know we was close enough to brush her paint as we went wingin' by, and then we heard the voice sayin', you know, some of you, how you c'n hear a voice sometimes in the fog when you can't see anybody, the voice sad, "I'll be dinged if I didn't just thought I saw a little two-masted schooner goin' by with everything on."

"Everything on?" said another voice, "in this breeze?" and we could hear him laugh, "saw a ghost, I guess."

Tommie was listening to it. "A ghost?" he says. "By the Lord, if this one'd go into you head on, you wouldn't think it was any ghost, if ever she hits you head on. A ghost? Huh, if that ain't a coasterman all over. 'Cause they can't carry sail themselves they don't think anybody else can. Have an ear out for the whistle now boys, for we're pretty close in-shore, I think."

It was the Cape Sable whistling buoy he meant, but we didn't have to listen for the whistle because the fog lifted not long after we passed the coaster to an anchor, and the lighthouse itself stood out clear enough. At five o'clock, or maybe a little later in the afternoon, we came tearin' up abreast of it, and then we straightened her out for home.

"The home leg boys," says Tommie, "west, half no'the, and drive her, drive her, drive, by the Lord, drive her!" He snaps his big arm across his body like he was tryin' to snap a whip. Man, man, but she went along! That was a run that one, from Cape Sable to Gloucester on the *Nannie* that time. Two hundred and twenty-five mile, sea-mile of course, they call it, and the *Nannie* made it in something over fourteen hours. 'Twas nothin' but the air full o' mist from the foam under her rail. Man, but did she lay down to it. She fair smoked. "The *Nannie* always could sail on her side," said Tommie, watchin' her, "always could."

There was a big coaster runnin' out from the Bay of Fundy just afore dark. She was under two jibs and reefed fores'l, just walerin' she was. "What you doin' out in a day like this?" hollers Tommie. The nearer Tommie was gettin' to home the more playful he was gettin'. They looks over the rail at us and one of 'em hollers as we went swingin' by. "Go it, you crazy Gloucester fishermen. Keep on and you'll find bottom some day," but Tommie only laughed at him. That was just afore dark.

Early in the morning, when we could almost smell Cape Ann, we overhauled a tramp-steamer. She was pluggin' along about nine or ten knots, I should say. There was a grouchy-lookin', bushy-whiskered fellow on her bridge duckin' his head in the breeze and the rain. We went by him like he was goin' the other way. "Any message?" says Tommie, and he leaned back interested-like to get the answer. "Any message?" says Tommie, "we're goin' home."

"Goin' to hell, more likely," says the fellow on the bridge.

"Not on the *Nannie O*," laughs Tommie, "but if we was we'd report you comin'," and he laughs again. He was all jokes on that home-stretch, but it was desp'rate just the same, the way he druv her.

"We'll make it, we'll make it, sixteen days," he kept sayin' all the way along. He'd never so much as winked an eye, mind you, from the time he first took the extra half-hitches the other side of Quero, and he was watchin' out now like two men. He was the first man to raise the two lights on Thatcher's. There was two others to the masthead with him, but the others said afterward that he made out the lights ten minutes afore they did, and, leanin' against the back-stay he looked his fill. For five minutes he didn't look away, and, comin' slidin' down to the deck, he said, "We're most home, most home," he said; that was all, but oh, his eyes, and the way he said it!

The rocks of old Cape Ann hove in sight, and then, rounding Eastern Point, Tommie took the wheel himself. "We'll surprise 'em," he says, and druv her into the harbor as if she had another 4,000 miles to go and not a minute to lose. It was whing, bang, past the whistling buoy, a leg across and a leg back. Even in the inner harbor the way he held her nose to it was a scandal. "Might as well keep her goin'," he says, and he lashes her like a race-horse clear up to her berth off the own-

er's dock, the same berth you c'n see him to now if you look.

But the way he came in just now ain't nothin' to it. Whing, bang it was, in with tops'ls, down with jibs, let go the anchor, down with fores'l, let the mains'l stand, "And the she is," says Tommie, "the able *Nanny O* with the fastest 4,000 and a couple o' hundred mile ever charged to a vessel across the Western Ocean. What time by the Gloucester clock for'ard?" the clock in the fo'c's'le'd been set to Gloucester time since we left home, and that's what he meant when he asked the time by the Gloucester clock.

"Half-past seven," came the answer.

"Half-past seven, nigh five hours yet to sixteen days, and that's sailin'!"

Man, but his eyes were shinin'. "We'll go ashore now," he says, "and get the news." And we goes ashore. He was for hurryin' off himself, but we asked him to inquire about the *Valkyrie*, seein' we made such a drive of it we wanted a little satisfaction, and so he inquires, "Any word of that English yacht, that *Valkyrie* that's comin' over to race for the Americas' Cup," he asks.

Not in yet, they told him, but she'd been reported by one or two Cunarders and some other fast liners. And they tells him how this steamer and that steamer reported her. According to one of 'em she was hove-to in longitude so-and-so and latitude so-and-so, they said, I forget now just what.

"What day was that?" asks Tommie, and they reckons it up and tells him.

"Hove-to that day!" says Tommie. "Why, man, that *Nannie* carried both tops'ls that day. What else?"

And they tells him on such-and-such a day she was reported by another steamer in longitude so-and-so and latitude so-and-so, and makin' heavy weather of it.

Tommie reckons that up. "Why," says he, "that must've been the day afore we blew out that rotten stays'. That day! Why that day we had the stays'l and balloon both on her. That day! Why that day the gang was playin' draw down for'ard, and I mind some of 'em sayin', when we was eatin' dinner, how it was the first day in a week they didn't have to put weights on the silver pieces to keep them from hoppin off the table. Good Lord!" says Tommie, "but there's none of 'em fit to carry ice for the *Nannie*, she's cert'ny an able vessel. But I must be gettin' along home, " and he goes up the street at a fourteen knot clip.

That was all well and good. The *Valkyrie* got in a week later, though Tommie warn't payin' any more attention to her, by that time, than if he'd never heard of her. There was a new baby up to his house, and he was taken up with that. But the millionaire lad, when he heard of it, was tickled to death, they say, and soon's he got over on this side, in the fall, he comes into Gloucester to see Tommie, and he gave him the finest...

"Peter, Peter," interrupted the one volunteer look-out who had not abandoned his post, "ain't this the *Nannie's* captain comin' up the dock? Ain't this Tommie Ohlsen himself?" The inquirer's voice was suppressed with excitement.

"Ha?" exclaimed Peter, hopping for the port-hole, "a stout, round man, but not fast, an able-looking man, lemmee see. Yes, That's him. That's Tommie himself. Wait a minute till I hail him. Maybe he'll come up, and then you c'n get a good look at an able seaman. And maybe he'll tell us about this last trip, I'll bet he druv her. Hi," Peter threw back the hatches on

the seaward side of Crow's Nest. "Hi-i, Captain Ohlsen, Good Lord, but what a breeze, he'll never hear me, hi-i, Captain Ohlsen."

"Hi," came back from the man below. "Hi, Peter, that you?"

"Yes. What kind of a trip did you have?"

"Ha?" called back the voice.

"What kind of a trip...oh, I can't make you hear in this gale. Won't you come up Captain?" Peter motioned with his arm, the man below waved back, and Peter drew in is head and hauled the hatches to again. "He'll be here now in a minute. Get off the locker two or three of you loafers in case Tommie'd like to sit down for a minute. Maybe he'll stop long enough to tell us about his last passage, he must've come home flyin' Here he comes. Hear him comin' up the stairs? Climbs to the mast-head like that. Can't you imagine him puttin' his feet down, every step a ratline and a swing from one side to the other. Hush."

From below the level of the top step of the flight of stairs leading into the room, he came gradually into view, head, shoulders, body and legs successively appeared. When he was all up and inside he fitted admirably the picture drawn of him by Peter, round head, round neck, round body, round legs, round all over, but not a pound of fat, eyes deep-set and very blue, jaw salient, skin red-tanned. Master mariner he was, master mariner he looked, and once he stepped within the room the loungers of Crow's Nest paid him that which was their rarest homage, a deferential silence.

In two glances he took in the room. One swept the walls, the charts, glasses, sporting-prints, and models of vessels hung or tacked thereto; the second, a return glance, measured up the crowd. "I don't see that last T Wharf flyer here, Peter, the one they tell me's been raisin' the devil with the Georges fleet. And some of the old faces gone, too, Peter. Gone to work? Which? No? Lord, Lord, but queer things happens."

"Well, forty thousand halibut, ten thousand cod, and five thousand or so mixed, had-dock, hake, and one thing and another. No, boy, no, keep your seat, I'll be goin' along in a minute. What's new, Peter?"

"Nothing much. Forty thousand halibut, ten thousand... let me put that down afore I forget it. There. What kind of weather'd you have, Captain?"

"Oh, moderate. a beat out most of the way, but a fair wind back."

"Must've been fair comin' home, Captain, and plenty of it. Wallie Manning reported you not goin' to leave til Saturday night, and only Tuesday mornin' now."

"That's right, fair as a man could ask comin' home. Seven hundred and fifty mile to the east'ard when we swung her off and raised Thatcher's in fifty nine hours, not bad now, was it?"

"Lord, but that's great goin', Captain. And they say she ain't in her best trim, now, Captain? But she must've come right along?"

"Y'oughter seen her, Peter. Lord, Peter, there's no stoppin' the *Nannie* once she starts to come. She's a credit to the people that built her, that vessel."

"Blowin' much?"

"Well not real heavy. She carried both tops'ls all the way."

"Is that so, thought I saw you comin' in with 'em, swung up both clear past the Point?"

"Till we threw her into the wind and let go our anchor."

But Wallie said he most got hove-down comin' across the Bay of Fundy."

"Did, eh? But what can you expect in a breeze with that one he's got. She c'n drift 'bout's fast as any vessel I know, she ain't half bad in a light breeze, no, I don't callate there's too many of 'em c'n get away with her in one of them palm leaf zephyrs. But what'd Wallie have to say? He gen'rally carries home a bit of gossip."

"Oh, nuthin' much, except to report you and two or three others. He says he did ketch the devil comin' across the Bay o' Fundy, though."

"Did he? Comin' across the Bay of Fundy, eh? That'd be, when'd you say he got in? Yesterday noon? That'd be about the night before last when he most got hove down, wouldn't it? Let me see now, where was the *Nannie* then? Night before last, Sunday. comin' across Western Bank we was then, yes. Somewhere's to the south'ard of Sable Island we was. Blowin' hard where he was, did he say? Well, where we was there was just wind enough to wet the *Nannie's* rail. Well, to be fair, maybe we was takin' a bucket or two on deck now and again. Of course the vessels makes a difference. When the *Nannie'd* be just dippin' her rail the *Cleopatra'd* be about hove down, wouldn't she? Yes."

But any word of George Hawley, Peter? No? Well, I didn't think there would be. Another good old wagon that one's he's got, the *Sea-Horse*. Where d'y'spose he ever got the name? It must have been about three o'clock Sunday afternoon that he came wallerin' along bound to the west'ard. He said somethin' about the *Nannie* and the *Sea-Horse*, and I asked him wouldn't he wait and I'd put the dories right out and haul the trawls. I can't leave them ten skates o' gear out there, you know, George, can't you wait a little while?" I says.

"No" says George, 'this one's got the bit in his teeth', talks like that on account of the name, I s'pose. 'Got the bit between his teeth,' says George, 'but I'll report you.'

'Will you?' says I. 'You're good natured as hell, but I callate the *Nannie'll* do her own reportin' this trip.'

'Yes-s?', he says, like that, 'yes-s?' like that.

'Yes,' I says, 'the *Nannie'll* report herself this trip, and if there's one vessel the *Nannie* beats home this passage, that vessel'll be the *Sea-Horse*.'

It was beginning to breeze up then and when we swung off that night it was a fine fresh no'the-easter. The *Nannie* hopped along pretty lively, and, knowin' the *Nannie* was comin' along behind, don't y'know, George was sockin' it to the *Sea-Horse*. He's hobblin' along the road somewhere now, I s'pose, with the bit still between his teeth. Puts her under a reefed tops'l, some of 'em, in a fresh breeze and calls it drivin'. Any word of the *Lalla Rookh*?"

"Not a word."

"No? I thought it'd be that way. Another good old chariot, the *Lalla Rookh*. I s'pose if we had a magic glass an' could get a look, we'd see her rollin' along somewhere between here and Cape Sable. Just afore dark, Saturday night, we made her out 'bout's far to the south'ard we c'd see, goin' about as straight west as she c'd go with her four low-ers, about all she'd stand up under."

"Well, I must be goin'. Forty thousand halibut, ten thousand cod, and five thousand mixed, and tell the old man, Peter, to get a

place for the *Nannie* on the railway to-morrow mornin'. I told Wallie about the fore gaff, and I expect he's spoke about that. I wonder did he tell 'em up at the house that I'd be home pretty soon after him, I expect he has."

"I expect he has, Captin. I saw your wife this mornin' when I was comin' by the house. She was out in the yard, with a boy to each side of her, and the baby aloft. She said she'd word o' you from Captain Manning, but she'll hardly be expecting you to-day, will she?"

"Will she? Won't she? You don't know her, Peter. She's always expectin' me if there's any reason. There's a couple of the children fresh-washed and out on the front steps now, I'll bet, out where they c'n see me soon's I turn the corner, a pair of 'em peekin' over the rail, and the littlest fellow inside with his nose flattened to the pane, all keepin' watch."

To the mast-head of a seiner they won't be lookin' any harder for mackerel than them children of mine for me, once they hear I'm on the way. And one of 'em has a birthday today, Peter. Don't you know I didn't drive the *Nannie* for nothin' this time, Peter. He's just that old he knows there oughter be somethin' comin' to him on his birthday. He's been askin' his mother, I know, and his mother's been tellin' him whether to expect me home or not. And he'll have the chart out and marked off the *Nannie's* passage on it, and showin' it to the next younger, yes. His mother put 'em up to that."

"She pitches into me, though, for carryin' sail. 'Tommie,' she'll say, 'Tommie, why do you?' She gets reports from other skipper's wives, d'y'see. 'You must not, Tommie.' She says that, Peter. But good Lord, Peter, you know women. If she thought for a second that I wouldn't pull the spars out of the *Nannie* to get home a night sooner, why she'd, well you know women, Peter. At your age, you know..."

"I expect I know as much as the next, Captain, though that ain't too much, but I know more about the other thing, sail carryin' Captain. I was only just now tellin' about that passage you made from Norway that time. That was a passage!"

"Warn't it?" The sudden smile made him look a most genial man.

"And you cert'nly did give the *Valkyrie* the devil that time, Skipper."

"The *Valkyrie*, the *Valkyrie*, Peter?"

"Why yes, the cup-challenger."

"Oh, the yacht! Oh, her. But that warn't no fair race. We was bound to beat her, we carryin' everything an they soakin' along so's not to wrack her up for the cup-races. And we not carin' how we got home so long as we got home. Lord, Peter, but I just had to make a passage that time, I just had to. It's tough, I tell you, to think of your wife havin' all the trouble alone, you not there to stand by."

'By the Lord!' I said to myself, 'but here's somethin' to race for. The yacht? I'll lose her!' It was worth sinkin' the *Nannie*, and the *Nannie's* a good vessel, just to see her face when I stepped in the room. Yes, sir, she thought I was a thousand miles away and still a-comin'. And do you mind the christenin', Peter? Warn't it a christenin', though? Tom O'Donnell said it made him think of bein' back in Galway."

"But I must be goin' Peter. The wife, d'ye see, will be half expectin' maybe to see me turn the corner any minute today, knowin' I left for home Saturday night, as Wallie told her. And to-day is the little lad's birthday, too,

the same little lad that was born the day I got home from Norway. The same lad, and he'll have the chart out and be helpin' the *Nannie* along." His smile was now a transfiguration.

"And that's why I'll have to hurry along. Of course, a man with as many children's I've got now couldn't run home so's to hit every birthday comes along, but when there's a chance, when you're filled up and a little drivin'll get you home in time, why a man's might's well carry a bit, mightn't he?"

'You oughter be more careful,' the wife says, she says, but Lord, Peter, if she thought for a minute that I'd let any vessel that sails the sea out-carry the *Nannie*, named after herself too, and she Irish, d'y' think she'd think half so much of me ever again? No, sir, and I always callate, so long's a spar'll stay in her, the *Nannie*, to keep her goin' if it's on a home passage. Well, I must be goin'. When I get started, I want to talk all day. Good-by, Peter, report me to the office. Good-by all, "and down the stairs he went."

With the disappearance of the sturdy physique, the round legs, round body, round neck, and round head, with the last sight of the wavy hair below the rim of the hat, the entire gang in Crow's Nest relaxed and took full breaths again.

Peter first broke the silence. He took and extra long puff on his pipe, before taking it from his lips to speak. Did you see the jaws and eyes of him? And now do you b'lieve me when I tell you that no skipper out o' Gloucester ever made him take his mains'l in? I mind now the time, in my fishin' days on the *Nannie*, when I said to myself, 'Peter, if ever you see home again you're a lucky man. If ever you walk Main Street again you c'n bet somebody's been prayin' for you.'

The times I said that, and b'lieved it, yes b'lieved it like my old mother b'lieves in prayers, and b'lieved each time till I turned 'round and looked at Tommie. He'd be aft, buried to his waist maybe, but there he'd be and I'd get a good look at him. All I c'd see of his face be the eyes and the jaw, his eyes and jaw stickin' out, the jaw like the counter on the *Nannie*. But that's all a man'd want to see, them eyes and that jaw. Lord almighty! but he's a man to tie your hopes o' heaven to, is Tommie Ohlson in a blow. Yes, sir, the sight o' Tommie Ohlson standin' aft on the *Nannie* in one of them winter gales, man, man, it's like another anchor."

"I'll bet he's a dog! came explosively from one of the gang."

"Maybe he ain't! And did you see the walk of him?" was the sympathetic chime of another. "It made me feel seasick just to see him heave himself across the floor, and when he shot his eyes my way, why..."

"Hush, now, and lemme see", Peter was back to work again, "What was it he said? Wait now, oh, yes, here it is. Forty thousand halibut, ten thousand... ring up, one of you and report that, The *Nannie O*, Captain Tommie Ohlson, in from Grand Banks with forty thousand halibut, ten thousand cod, and five thousand mixed fish. Got that?"

"All right, hold on now, don't forget about a place on the railway for the *Nannie* to-morrow. If they asks what's the matter with her say you don't know. Captain Ohlson was in such a hurry, say to 'em, that he forgot to say what was the matter with her."

"It will be her oakum, won't it Peter?" queried a well-versed one from the lockers.

"Most likely, some calkin' she needs. It's gen'rally calkin when she don't want new spars."

"But, Peter, you started to tell us what the millionaire yachtsman gave Tommie when he came to Gloucester." Among the loungers in Crow's Nest was always one or two who could be depended upon to keep the run of the plot of any story. "I heard somebody say one day down the dock that Captain Ohlson got a swell barometer and chronometer for some fast passage he made, was that it?"

"It was. And the best money could buy they were, with long inscriptions on the both of 'em."

"And has he got them now?"

"Yes, sir, he has. The glass is hangin' in the cabin of the *Nannie* to this day, and the chronometer's up in his dinin'-room to home, where the children has it to play with. And he certn'ly..."

"Peter," interrupted the look-out of the moment, "I think there's another vessel coming round the point, but she ain't carrying any tops'ls like the *Nannie O*."

Peter hopped up. "Lord, you don't mean to say you sighted a vessel? You're right. Let me see now, where's the glasses? A fresh halibuter, ain't she? Yes, an' by the Lord, it's the

Sea Horse, George Hawley. Said he'd report the *Nannie*, did he? Lord, Lord, I'd give a dollar if Tommie was here now. And you're right, he ain't swingin' no tops'ls.

"He'll come in, Hawley will, and he'll be some surprised to see the *Nannie* in before him. There she is layin' as quiet as if she'd never been as far away as Thatcher's in her life. Goes up on the railway every other trip she does now, the *Nannie* does, and she's gettin' old, some of them'll tell you, this same George Hawley one of them, but she's a pretty able vessel yet, a pretty able vessel yet, and the skipper that can drive her is Tommie Ohlson when he wants to make a passage, which he gen'rally does about every time he swings her off for home.

"Wait till I light my pipe, now; there," puff, puff. "He's cert'nly a dog, is Tommie Ohlson, only some day he won't come home. Just a lee-tle too long he'll hang on some day, and Tommie Ohlson won't come home any more. No, sir, for all his able seamanship, someday Tommie Ohlson won't come home any more."

Puff, puff, went Peter, while the others, studying him, began to figure out the kind of

a gale it would have to be when Tommie Ohlson would fail to come home. It would need to be a gale that, indeed yes. But, puff, puff, went Peter, and removing his pipe ominously he said it again, softly, looking at the stove and as if to himself, "And some day Tommie Ohlson won't come home any more." They hearkened to that, even as they hearkened to the gale that still raged outside, and for a time they were quieter than ever.

"It would have to be the awful gale, it cert'nly would." They all agreed to that and were downcast. But hope subdued is a buoyant thing. They had seen the man himself, and, "Shucks," said one, "I'd like to see the gale that he couldn't stand off, with an able vessel under him. It'd never come out of the ocean, I don't believe, the gale that would send Tommie Ohlson to the bottom, not with the *Nannie O* under him, no sir," and "Shucks" burst out a chorus, "that's right. Not Tommie Ohlson, why all Gloucester knew him, Lord yes." And just then the sun streaming through the open port-hole of Crow's Nest added its cheerful suggestion of everlasting hope.

A Terrible Mortality

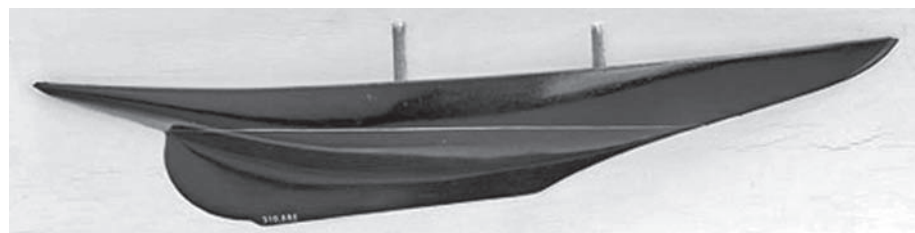
Gloucester's dependence on the North Atlantic meant a close acquaintance with tragedy and death. "The history of the Gloucester fisheries has been written in tears," wrote an anonymous reporter in 1876. Between 1866 and 1890 more than 380 schooners and 2,450 Gloucester men never returned from the fishing grounds. In a single storm on August 24, 1873, nine Gloucester vessels and 128 fishermen were lost.

"When will the slaughter cease?"

In 1882, Capt Joseph Collins asked this question in Gloucester's newspaper, the *Cape Ann Weekly Advertiser*. Too many fishermen perished at sea and Collins and others lobbied for new schooner designs featuring deeper, more stable hulls and sail plans that didn't require a long bowsprit, the spar that projected forward from the bow.

McManus Knockabouts

Thomas A. McManus, a Boston born son of Irish immigrants, designed a safer fishing schooner. The hull of his vessel was short and deep with a rockered keel for stability. McManus made this half model and displayed it for a year in his Boston shop before Capt William Thomas of Portland, Maine, decided to have a full sized vessel built to the lines. The *Helen B. Thomas* was launched in 1902 and was the first of many schooners called "knockabouts" that were built without bowsprits.



Half Model, Fishing Schooner *Helen B. Thomas*

Unlike most of the half hull models in the Smithsonian's National Watercraft Collection, this one was not intended for use in shipbuilding. Instead, this half model of the fishing schooner *Helen B. Thomas* was made to show a radical design innovation to potential vessel owners. Its maker, Thomas F. McManus, a naval architect in Boston, adapted an idea from sailing yachts to the fishing schooners of New England.

He eliminated the bowsprit, the spar projecting forward from the schooner's bow, in an attempt to make the vessel safer for the fishermen working in treacherous conditions far offshore. In McManus's new design, fishermen would not have to clamber out on the bowsprit to tend the jib (the vessel's forward-most sail), a dangerous task especially in bad weather that, in McManus's view, resulted too often in injury or death.

McManus made this half hull model and displayed it in his Boston office, hoping to attract a client. After nearly a year, Capt William Thomas of Portland, Maine, decided to try the design and contracted with the Oxner & Story yard in Essex, Massachusetts, to build the schooner. The *Helen B. Thomas* was launched in 1902 and measured 106'7" overall with a beam (width) of 21'6" and 13' deep. The vessel became a successful fishing schooner. While no other schooners were

built to this exact design, many were built without the bowsprit, a schooner design that became known as the "knockabout."



So Whatever Became of the *Helen B. Thomas*?

"The *Helen* was brought to Bermuda and commissioned as a pilot boat. She was sunk to extinguish a fire ruled to be result of arson in 1925. She belonged to Pilot Albert "Cressie" Fox of St Davids, Bermuda, my great grandfather. You can read about the *HBT* in Bermuda National Library Digital Collection Royal Gazette. I am compiling an album with info on the *HBT*." – Edmund Fox



I awoke to the fragrance of toasted grain. A deep rumble, several loud clangs and the sound of gushing water reminded me of my location. Oh yeah, we were docked on the Buffalo Ship Canal across from the General Mills factory. They must be making Cheerios today. This was day ten of our longest most ambitious canal cruise to date. Over the years we've made a half dozen trips on various sections of the New York canal system with our own boats and those of friends.

This summer we set out on our longest journey yet, along the old Erie. We had decided some months before to travel from Oswego, said to be America's oldest freshwater port, to Buffalo, once the world's greatest 19th century grain port. Our objective was to test a recently installed electric motor and battery bank and to at least briefly sail on Lake Erie while also meeting up with *MAIB* contributor and sailing friend Greg Grundtisch and his wife, the lovely and talented Naomi.

This canal crawl was our third voyage aboard the good ship *Tringa*, a 23' Compac sloop. During our first season with her in 2018, we relied upon a 5hp outboard motor clamped to a transom mounted bracket for auxiliary power. After decades of cruising with inboard engines on our previous two boats, we soon grew nostalgic for push button starts and one handed gear shifting. Lowering the bracket, priming the motor and then yanking (and yanking and yanking!) on the pull cord, especially in rough water, was awkward and at times intensely aggravating. We also found the outboard motor had its limits in rough water as we negotiated our homeport's long narrow channel out into Lake Ontario or faced a steep chop in open water in a stiff breeze.

The entrance to Little Sodus Bay, where we moor *Tringa*, is flanked by two long steel and cement jetties. The water within the channel's confines, when whipped up by weekend motorboat wakes and chop from the lake, generates a formidable clapotis. The only way for an underpowered small sailboat to get through this mess in a headwind is to resort to "motor sailing." We strap the mainsail in tight, run the motor at low to moderate speed and take short tacks about 30° to the wind, dodging jetskis and powerboats along the way. This works OK if we have a prop located under our boat. The technique is not practical with an outboard transom mounted on an off center bracket, particularly if the lower unit is in froth or thin air half the time and the powerhead is underwater on the other tack.

Once out on the open lake's sometimes choppy waters, our transom mounted outboard motor often struggled. Despite its long shaft, all too frequently its prop cavitated or left the water entirely as our little sloop pitched and rolled. Nor did we ever get comfortable with the motor mounted shifter. We soon longed for the electric starters and the easily operated inboard shift controls of our faithful Universal Atomic Four and the indomitable Thornycroft Diesel that we had been shipmates with for so many years. And we missed the push of those centerline props down there in solid water under the boat's stern, too.

We were not alone. Several boating friends with outboards on brackets expressed sympathy. One suggested that the new four cycle low emissions outboard carburetors were part of the problem. "They're really touchy," he said. Another friend had tried

Battery Powered Canal Crawl

By Susan Gately
Photos by Greg Grundtisch

three different (two cycle) outboards on his 20' sailboat. All of them sputtered and stalled often at the worst possible time, he reported. We were not interested in trying to convert to an outboard well, having had issues with those as well.

After our first season the engineer in chief decided he had experienced enough problem solving challenges. With my wholehearted support he decided to electrify *Tringa*. An unexpected cash windfall had fortified our bank balance so he went shopping. We ended up with a gold plated piece of German engineering made by Torquedo. Though the unit was pricey (it plus the battery bank charger and solar panels added up to about the cost of a brand new small Diesel) we have since decided that for us it was worth it.

The 24v Cruise 2.0 "pod" unit that we purchased is roughly equivalent to a 5hp gasoline motor. But unlike our outboard, its propeller is part of a unit bolted onto the boat a little aft of the keel. So the prop is located under the boat and stays submerged in rough water. We started out with a pair of AGM batteries installed under the cockpit. These gave us a range of about 20 miles at 50% discharge. After a few weeks of trials evaluating boat trim and performance we installed two more batteries up forward. This gave us seven hours of cruising at about 3.5 to 4 knots and we could still see *Tringa's* boot top stripe above her waterline.



Because the boat lives on a mooring most of the time, Chris also installed two solar panels on her stern rail to keep the batteries topped up for day sailing. And he mounted the controls for the motor directly on the tiller for fingertip control when we were under power.

Since many towns and villages along the canal have overnight dockage with restrooms, water and power for the use of transient travelers, we had no problem getting power for a charge each night. Only twice did we have to travel more than 30 miles between electric outlets. Most of the canal voyage was uneventful and nearly all of it was highly pleasurable with little traffic and lots of interesting scenery. When we got to the Niagara River, however, we found our 1,500 watts of power were no match for this mighty waterway's currents.

We blithely motored out into the channel only to see that our speed over the ground had dropped to 1.5 knots. Yikes. We'd never

make it to Buffalo on one battery charge at this rate. Just a bit more current and we'd be going backwards, towards those famous falls. We took a hard left to hug the shoreline shallows where we managed to crawl along at 2.5 knots over the ground most of the time. Still, it took us all afternoon to reach the mouth of the Black Rock Canal. Always back aft there was that ominous white smudge of mist low on the horizon astern created by the spray of Horseshoe and Niagara Falls.

At the Peace Bridge, a short distance upstream from our location, the river current runs 12 knots. Since that far exceeded our hull speed, we ducked into the Black Rock Canal bypass that runs alongside the river for a couple of miles before it exits into Buffalo's outer harbor. From there we made our way down the Buffalo Ship Canal to the marina where Greg and Naomi dock their 22' Herreshoff Eagle. They had arranged for us to get a slip for a night and we ended up staying three more days. We stepped our mast the next day and ventured forth into the outer harbor for a few hours of very lively brisk sailing.



Lake Erie's full fetch was at work that morning with surf crashing upon the massive stone breakwater. We opted to stay inside its protection to reach up and down the length of outer harbor. The stonewall that protects Buffalo's shoreline is made up of carefully stacked ten to 20 ton boulders and must have been a truly heroic project to construct. According to the internet its underwater base is more than 150' wide. We charged along in smooth water behind it under reefed main and little bitty jib at hull speed down to its south end and then tacked back. Over the next couple of days we got out on Lake Erie several more times with Greg and Naomi.

Greg and Naomi also drove us out to the The Buffalo Maritime Center workshop located in an old foundry building some distance inland. This organization consists of an amazing group of volunteers who have put together a daunting collection of projects, including at least a half dozen elderly wooden boats in need of repairs plus a sizable hull that is the beginnings of a War of 1812 navy warship replica. Greg took us on a tour of the large old factory that now houses their dozens of projects, classroom spaces, machine shop and once again a foundry where small hardware and boat parts can be cast. The upstairs of the building houses a library and model ship and art collection and more space for working on small boats.

In addition to boat building classes and restorations, the Maritime Center volunteers also operate an electric launch for mini tours of the waterfront. The *White Electra* is a replica of a turn of the century fantail launch.



This boat as well as the Noman's boat we sailed on and a reconstruction of a Lake Erie fishing shallop take visitors out for short harbor cruises. We caught a sunset sail with the Maritime Center's former director John Montague who filled us in on the group's history

and ambitious possible future plans for expansion. On an earlier visit to Buffalo three years ago, Greg piloted the electric launch down the Buffalo River so we could view the haunting vacant towers of Silo City that once housed millions of bushels of prairie grown grain.

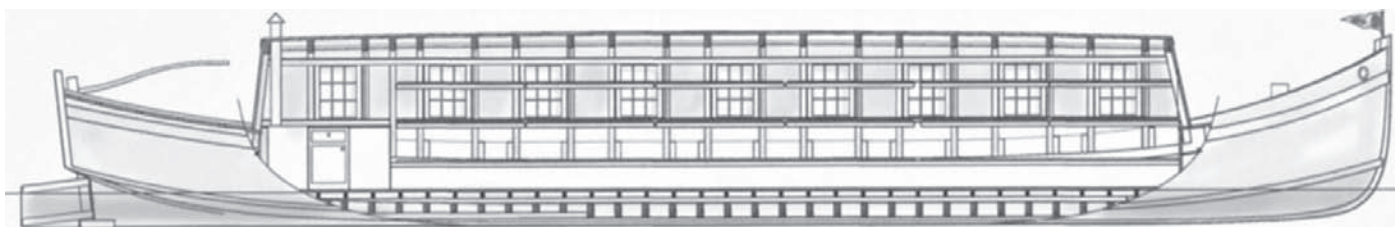


Recently the Maritime Center staff and volunteers have begun gearing up for an ambitious new project, the recreation of an 1825 Erie Canal packet boat, the *Seneca Chief*. The original vessel was a Buffalo built boat that took New York's governor DeWitt Clinton on the inaugural voyage for the

nation building Erie Canal. Maritime volunteers and professional boat builders will build the replica on the Buffalo waterfront beside the last remaining bit of the old canal. When she is finished, the 73' packet boat will hopefully tour the canal yearly while also serving as a floating classroom on the city's waterfront. Money has been donated for her construction and the state has kicked in more funding for a permanent timber frame building where the public can view her creation.

The energy generated by the Maritime Center's small staff and dozens of volunteers is awe inspiring. I envied their commitment to teaching kids (and adults) with boats afloat and building of same. It's not easy or simple to get politicians, city bureaucrats, parents and kids all pulling in the same direction but somehow it's happening here. We wish them all the best. If you live anywhere near Buffalo stop by the shop for a tour.

After three days in Buffalo we loaded our trailer sailer up on her trailer for a fast trip home by road. Despite the leisurely pace of our ten day canal cruise we managed to miss a lot. We're thinking someday of doing another canal trip.



GOV. DEWITT CLINTON'S 1825 PACKET BOAT



**CHESAPEAKE
LIGHT CRAFT**

Build your own from a kit



NanoShip



Jimmy Skiff II



Tenderly Dinghy

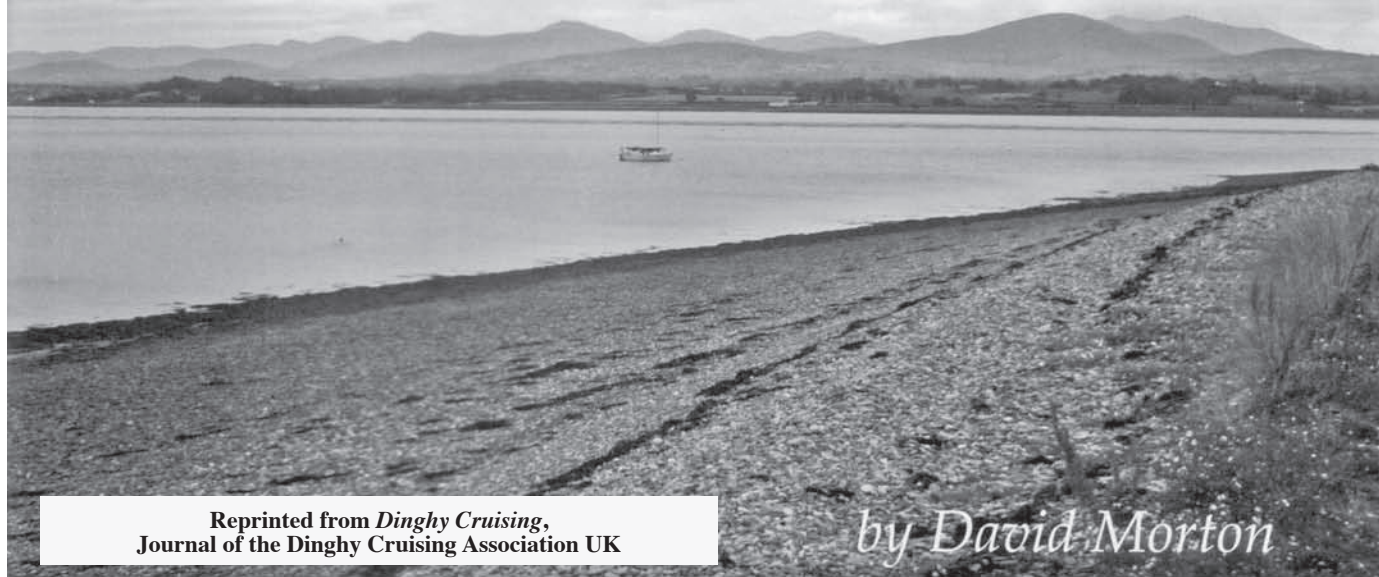
KITS & PLANS FOR KAYAKS • CANOES • SUPs • ROWING CRAFT • DINGHIES • SAILBOATS • RVs

100 AWARD-WINNING DESIGNS | EPOXY, MARINE PLYWOOD, TIMBER, AND MORE | BOATBUILDING CLASSES SINCE 1994

CALL 410-267-0137 OR VISIT CLCBOATS.COM FOR A FREE CATALOG AND MUCH MORE!

The Dire Strait

Three rather slow-thinking old men in a boat face mortal danger during a black night off Abermenai Point



Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*,
Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

by David Morton

THE THREE OF US, captain Stuart Calcutt, mate Phil Davies and junior cabin boy Dave Morton (me), probably have a century of sailing experience under our belts in total, but that recently proved insufficient, when the anchor dragged at 1.30am on a dark night, in a brisk southwesterly.

We'd launched at Dinas Boatyard, Port Dinorwic after HW Saturday 20th July lunchtime, with an outboard lent by Paul, the owner of the boatyard. It was fixed to the starboard quarter of the boat, which required unfamiliar use of my left hand on the throttle. I struggled to remember which direction to turn the twist-grip and it had a tendency to stall rather than tick over when closed. Nonetheless it saved our bacon a few hours later in the hands of Stuart and Phil.

We motored out into the tidal stream and then tried to ship the rudder. If only we'd done it sooner! Even when we belatedly picked up a vacant mooring and tried again, it still took ages to find the pintles. I think both Stuart and

Above: Looking across the Menai Strait from Abermenai to Snowdonia. Caernarfon Bar is off to the right, through the southwesterly mouth of the Strait.

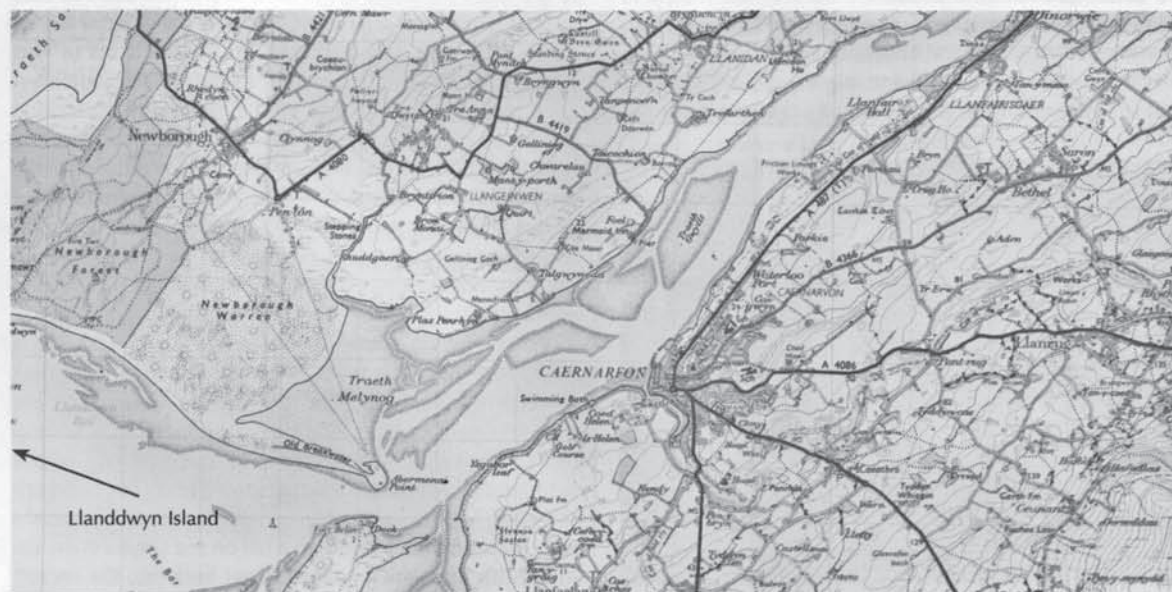
Karma II lies at anchor. Below: Caernarfon, Abermenai and the Bar. (© Ordnance Survey)

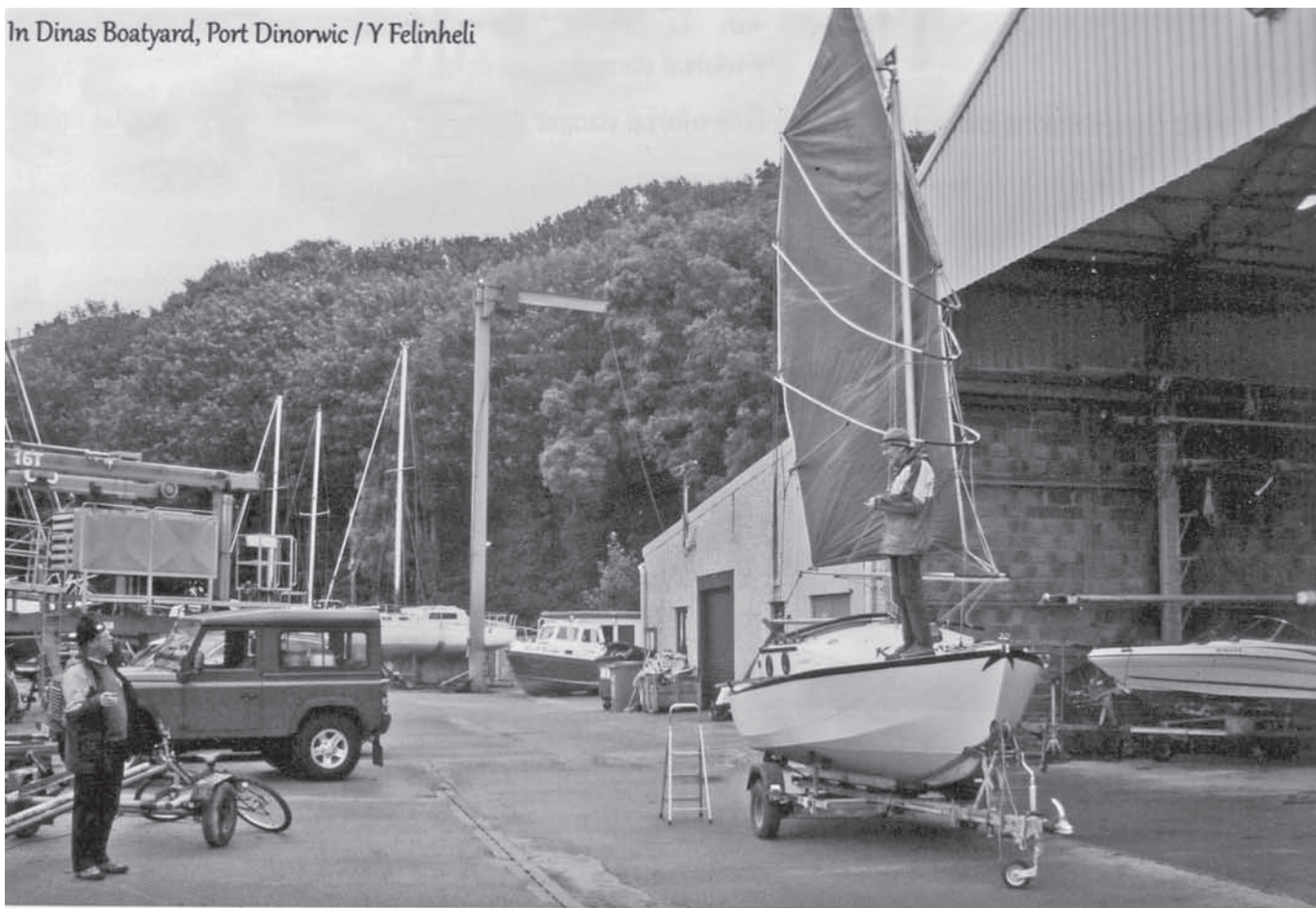
Port Dinorwic, really Y Felinheli, lies 7 k / 4.35 miles NW of Caernarfon on the same side of the Strait

I had become rusty with the passage of time.

With the ebb tide and motor working in harmony we soon passed Caernarvon, hoisted the junk-rig sail, turned right at Red Can 8 near the narrows, dropped the sail and anchored close under the lee of the biggest sand dunes. All the tricky bits were done by Stuart and Phil, while I concentrated on not stalling the outboard. The other three surviving DCA boats soon turned up, greetings were exchanged and they carried on further to a spot favourable for drying out.

Later I rowed ashore in Stuart's excellent inflatable. I





had a brief chat with a large group of D of E Gold Award youngsters who were canoe-camping at the edge of the dunes, then followed the HWM, till I reached the DCA gang and their camp-fire. Stuart and Phil had decided to stay aboard *Karma*, so at dusk I returned and after more chat, we settled down for the night. Phil and I, as honoured guests, lay in the cabin and Stuart on an angled board in the cockpit, under cover of an impressive tent supported by hoops.

All was calm until about 1.30am, when a sudden cry of alarm came from Stuart, followed by the sound of the outboard roaring into life briefly then dying. Nothing could be better calculated to produce a flood of adrenaline in someone still half-asleep and wondering if he has time to don his wellies, jacket and buoyancy aid.

Outside it was very dark and already difficult to make out the outline of the dunes, which I thought were our

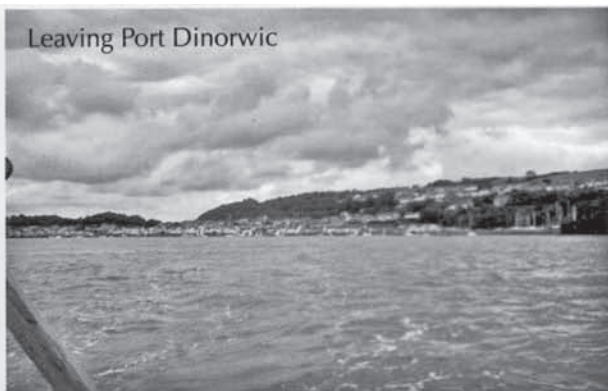
best hope of regaining shelter from the stiff breeze. Stuart's tent, sleeping board and bedding were in the way and so was the wishbone junk rig lying in a heap on the cabin top, which blocked Stuart's view. While I was still struggling to think straight, Phil leapt into action and heroically clambered onto the exposed foredeck to retrieve the anchor and warp, before it could foul the prop. We soon gave up heading for the dunes as Phil was getting a soaking on the foredeck, the boat was pitching and he didn't dare let go of the boom, so he stayed there, exposed and getting cold.

Back in the cockpit, Stuart and I spent some time trying to orientate ourselves in the darkness. It had been so easy to spot landmarks in daylight, but now the general lack of shore lights was very confusing. To me the lights of Port Dinorwic and Caernarfon were the only familiar sights, but even so, there was no sign of the castle and Stuart was convinced that we had been swept out of the narrows and over the bar. I was equally sure that we were still over the sandbanks, off Abermenai Point, inside the straits. After all, we still had a good view of Caernarfon, but I couldn't convince Stuart. Phil was nowhere to be seen, stuck on the foredeck hanging on, half-forgotten in the turmoil and confusion.

Eventually we somehow found ourselves sailing in a large, dark area. The town lights had disappeared. I think it was the drying Foryd Bay, south of Fort Belan. We were now sailing towards a tall telecoms mast with a vertical line of red lights, which I guessed was a hazard to the light aircraft which use Caernarfon Airport. We had seen the mast and its lights clearly from our anchorage and I remembered that it stood on a hill on the Llyn Peninsula. About this time Phil managed to get back into the cockpit



Leaving Port Dinorwic



where he slumped, semi-collapsed with his back to the wash-boards. I feared that both he and Stuart were becoming hypothermic. Both seemed only capable of minimal responses. After some time, during which Phil began to recover, I repeatedly suggested that we should turn the boat through 180deg. and aim for one of the flashing red channel markers, which had disappeared astern. Phil agreed and in due course Stuart turned the boat with his left hand, while hanging onto the inflatable, which was lashed on the starboard side of the cockpit, with his right.

At this point I was still pumping adrenaline and my mouth was dry with fear. I longed for a small bottle of water and I began to wonder if we would survive. I thought of the three men in the *Wayfarer* in Bulletins 179 and 240. Then I thought of a time long ago when I sailed the *Wayfarer* into Barmouth close to low water, surfing between the banks. That had been over and done with in a mere twenty minutes, but I have remembered that taste of fear ever since.

One of us then broached the question, 'Have we got a VHF?' Stuart told Phil where to find it in a pouch below and the VHF quickly appeared and was passed around. We all struggled and failed to work out or remember how it worked. After Stuart and Phil, it was my turn. In the pitch dark – if only I'd taken a head torch – I found the on switch, but no sooner was it switched on than it turned itself off again to save the battery! None of us found the red button, under a hinged flap, round the hidden side, which we needed. Even if we had successfully made a call, we had no mast-head or navigation lights to aid a rescue. We'd have been entirely dependent on the lifeboat's spotlight and I'm not sure that the Porth Dinllaen Tamar class boat could have got into Foryd Bay, even if it arrived in time. I never even thought of the helicopter at Valley, although that would have been our best chance of a rescue.

Duke of Edinburgh group canoe-camping in the dunes



After what seemed hours, things improved greatly. We spotted a red channel buoy and kept coaxing Stuart to steer towards it, as he fought the drag of the inflatable. Once there, all we had to do was turn right and head for the next one and soon there was Caernarfon and its town wall. I began to feel safe and almost warm, as the summer wind was now behind us. It took an age to pass Victoria Dock against the ebb, but slowly we made progress against the tide. Stuart, who was very cold and spent, asked Phil to take over the helm and then seemed to pass out with his back to the wash-boards, which I couldn't remove from my fixed position on the port side. Eventually he came round and then soon got down below to a towel and dry clothes. Against the tide it took a long time to pass Plas Menai. Phil and I discussed whether to moor alongside the first yacht we passed, but decided that we'd wait for daylight and pick up a vacant mooring at Dinas Boatyard, which we managed to do at the third attempt; there was no boathook. The main thing is that the outboard didn't run out of fuel, the boat was undamaged and all three of us lived to fight another day.



Colin Holt and the shore party at Abermenai

As we discussed our adventure, Phil suggested that as our anchor dragged when the tide neared high water, perhaps we hadn't allowed enough scope on the anchor buoy. Stuart and Phil had certainly discussed the amount of anchor warp to lay out, at the time we anchored. Then again, someone later reminded me that Abermenai Point is a notorious spot for anchors dragging. As someone more used to spending the night in my *Wayfarer* out over the bar, dried out at Llanddwyn Island, I'd mistakenly believed that inside Abermenai was as safe as houses. I guess it might be, but only if you go round the corner and dry out, like Colin and the others.

Before our mishap, our main concern had been the 40+mph gusts forecast for Sunday afternoon. We managed to avoid those by a good eight hours, by returning to Port Dinorwic at dawn. Even then, at low water, Paul was able to recover the boat and his trusty outboard, which saved us. No wonder Dinas Boatyard has such a good reputation.

David Morton, 07.09.2019

We spent many days in the winter cleaning and greasing the gate and valve machinery. For many years this machinery was in the pits in the wall covered with steel cover plates. On my last year we got all new machinery installed on top of the wall. I liked the older stuff better because we could ride our bikes and scooters over them on the steel cover plates. We also had a better view of our operations.

Someone built a tool for lifting and moving these covers when we had work to do in the pits. This tool was a long lever with two wheels and a hook on the short end that would hook into the handles on the covers. In the winter we had a 2x4 frame that we covered with fresh clear poly plastic each year. It made a shelter to cover the pit and gave us headroom to make a comfortable place to work. We heated this space with a Herman Nelson oil heater. One of the duties of the night man was to fire this up late in his watch so the day crew could work comfortably.

This structure was prefab and, by removing a few bolts, it could easily be moved from one pit to another. We had four gates and four valves to work on over the winter so we ended up spending a lot of time in these shelters.

Of course, there was also snow removal. The midnight man was expected to have the main working well wall cleared and the path from the boss's house clear before he came to work. The main working wall was about a half mile long and it was expected to be shoveled off within a couple of days.

We had a snow blower that could get used clearing the path to the shop and sometimes we would use it to clear the drifts to the dam. The snow blower did not fit on the narrow walkways on top of the guide walls. Much of this work had to be done by shovel, but we could just push it off and it would fall into the river.

We had gage houses on the ends of the walls where we kept recorders working and we had to inspect them and make sure their heaters were keeping their floats free of ice. During the navigation season we found shelter in these buildings on cold or rainy nights.

Another winter job that was done weekly was for two guys to walk out to the end of the upper wall and bore a hole in the ice to measure its thickness. Often later in the winter we might find 12"-15" of ice 20' from the wall but we had learned to never fully trust the river ice.

The man out on the ice would wear a safety belt and the other guy would hold a rope to pull him back if he did fall in. We also carried a sharp, long handled probe onto

Sea Stories & Tall Tales

By Mississippi Bob

More Winter Stuff on Lock #2

the ice. Near the wall the ice was often very thin and this probe would warn us to take a different route. I wondered why we bothered. There was nothing that we could do to remove the ice.

Another winter chore that we carried out was collecting samples of the snow that fell in the woods across the street from the lock weekly from mid winter on. We would use an aluminum pipe about 3' long with a tape measure attached. Finding a section of undisturbed snow, we would poke this tube into the snow until we hit bottom ground, run a hand alongside the pipe and cap the end and then dump this snow within into a poly bag. We'd repeat this at four different spots and take the four bags to our restroom, thaw them out and weigh them. After recording our findings we'd send a weekly report to our office. They shared this info with the weather bureau who had a lot of folks doing this in order to better forecast spring floods.

Winters come and go but one year was very different. The boss bought us all a lot of new stuff for the guys, all compliments of the Corps of Engineers. We all got a couple of pair of bib tops and new winter boots. We got a pair of Koreans and a pair of felt packs. One should never look a gift horse in the mouth but there was a catch. Lock #2 was about to get dewatered.

Some of the equipment and crew showed up before we got frozen in. They parked one crane barge above the lock on the upper guidewall and another on the lower side. As soon as we got authorization to shut down for the winter the full crew showed up and began operation.

They started by moving some very large steel beams from where they had been stored since before I first worked at the lock. I had mowed weeds around them and never knew what they were for. There were also recesses in the wall above the upper gates that had been covered with steel cover plates. I never knew what they were for either. I had ridden my bike over them a thousand times. I was about to start up a new learning curve.

Their crew removed the steel covers, then hoisted the big beams up and slid them down into the recesses. They now had a structure long enough to span the lock chamber. These beams became the backbone for a new dam. They installed some vertical aluminum channel beams across the opening and covered the upstream side with some heavy tarps and they had a dam that would keep the river out of the lock.

When they opened the upper valves most of the water above the upper gates disappeared in a couple of minutes. The crew did the same operation below the lower gate but this time they set up a bunch of pumps and began to pump the lock chamber dry. That didn't happen very fast, in fact, we had several pumps going all winter keeping the lock almost dry.

There were a couple of sumps on the floor of the lock chamber where we kept the pumps going all winter. These sumps were the low points in the lock and any leakage would end up in them. One of our nightly routines was to climb down a scaffold ladder into the bowels of the lock and make sure that all the pumps were running. We carried ice chisels and removed any ice that was forming that would keep any water from draining to the sumps. About 0600 the derrick crew would show up and relieve us of that duty.

Their crew did a lot of work that winter. They sandblasted both sides of all the gates, replaced the sacrificial anodes and also patched some of the cracks in the concrete walls. As the weather warmed their night crew would give the gates another once over with the sandblaster and their day crew would spray paint the gates, all but the anodes which had to be kept bare in order to work.

Of course we still had to do adjustments on the dam and keep the control station halfway clean, which got to be a muddy hassle with all the the guys tracking through in their muddy Koreans.

It became an interesting winter for me. I got a much better understanding of how the locks worked and got a good look at the pins that the gates swung on. I hiked through the tunnels where the water entered and left the locks. These tunnels started at the upper valves and continued until they passed the lower valves and gates. There was a series of holes between the tunnels and the chamber about 4' square, a lot of water could pass in or out of these.

Winter didn't last forever and it was nice to see the derrick boat crew head off to one of their summer jobs so we could get back to running the lock.



DON'S DOCK
MARINA
STONINGTON CONNECTICUT
19★79

NEW SLIPS AVAILABLE!
The most stable floating docks around
Dockage, Bait, Tackle, Ice, Repairs, Fuel,
Moorings, Launch Ramp, Boat Storage,
Store, Fish Cleaning Station

info: 860-535-0077 www.dons-dock.com
228 North Water Street, Stonington, CT

300 Boats You Can Build!
Full size patterns and detailed instructions enable anyone to build their dream boat!

- Epoxy and fiberglass supplies
- Underwater & deck hardware
- Silicon Bronze nails & screws
- Books, DVD's and much more!
- Online catalog - Sail/Power/Row 6-55 ft



Send \$9.95 for hard-copy catalog
with free dinghy plans

Glen-L Marine - 562-630-6258
232 Avenida Fabricante #105/MA
San Clemente, CA 92672



Zip
14' Zip Runabout
Wood Parts Kit
NOW AVAILABLE!



Glen-L 14

The Texas 200, you already know what that is most likely. Chuck Leinweber really started something here! I've been reflecting on a lot of things lately and my participation in Texas 200s is one of those things. I haven't started or finished every year but I've participated in some way each time since 2009, and at least six years I did the whole thing. Two times I met the group at the last camp. One year I started and didn't finish. Another year I couldn't start on time due to work but I sailed backwards until I caught up to the group and turned around the right way. All in all I can say for sure that the Texas 200 has made my life better!

While the event entails some challenging sailing, even downright crazy at times, it's not actually the time on the water that is the draw for me. I'm lucky, I can sail in the salt water of Texas any time I want! No, it's the people who make the 200 so special. I decided to sit down and share my thoughts on this adventure and hopefully show just how special the people of the Texas 200 are! These are my best recollections and I make no apologies if some facts are a little off and some characters are larger than life. Everything IS bigger in Texas after all!

My first year to participate in the 200 was 2009. I showed up at Fred Stone Park in Port Mansfield with a PDR strapped to the roof of my little red Suzuki car, my camping gear stuffed in the back, and my wife and 14-year-old triplets to see me off. They've improved the park since then but back in those days it left a lot to be desired. The open pit toilet spread its fragrance about and the rotting seaweed added another dimension to the smell.

I was greeted by Kevin Allison, Andrew Linn and John H. arrived late that night, all three were PDR captains and veterans of the 200. They looked with skepticism at me and my boat, and rightly so. I don't remember if I had spoken of my sailing resume during our online discussions (I didn't have one) but they could see easily enough that my door-skin clad boat and duct tape "sewn" poly-sail were screaming "ROOKIE!"

Getting to know Andrew was an interesting experience. Clearly a smart and boat savvy guy, he's also a political and social enigma. Never has a guy been more willing to help a fellow sailor and he was happy to share a bottle of rum that night and tell some sea stories, too. Later in the week Andrew would teach me about reefing and help me place a reef in my sail despite the fact that I had planned for none. Since then I've used the same method three more times to temporarily repair my own or another person's sail when a reef point or clew has torn out. I call it the Linn method, ask him about it someday.

But on the flip side, I learned right away he wasn't a morning person! The day the event was to start a few of us were up pre dawn with excitement and enthusiasm, and I may have been a bit loud in my exuberance and Andrew let me know it! He had no intention of pulling himself from his bed any sooner than required, though we still all hit the water as early as the light would safely allow. Later he managed to demonstrate capsize recovery in a PDR, more than once. He got me back though.

On the last day he was concerned that I was off course in Matagorda Bay on the final leg of the trip. In reality I had the last working GPS of the group and had laid in a rhumb line for Magnolia Beach. Andrew sailed over

The People of the Texas 200

By Gordon Barcomb

to me to alert me to my folly, only to find me a little too relaxed, leaning against my backrest, asleep! He shouted something at me and I was so startled I fell overboard! He had teased me about that line I had trailed the entire trip, but that day it did its job!

Kevin and I hit it off instantly and remain close friends to this day. That's something that isn't uncommon on the Texas 200. As a matter of fact, you might even meet a spouse in the midst of the heat and humidity, as happened to the Tomsetts! Kevin and I stuck together that week and he was a great help to me learning what "Ducking" was all about, especially the part about "Ducks stick together." I was the "slow kid" that week, my boat became waterlogged and my sail was inadequate and my speed was less than optimal, even for a PDR!

After spending too much time at Arye's Dugout helping stranded boats, the PDR group headed across San Antonio Bay in a vain attempt to reach Army Hole. Because of speed differences and multiple possible routes, we became separated but Kevin stuck with me as we decided to cross the heart of the Bay and head for the relative safety of the ICW. The waves were sharp and tall and the light was fading and we felt like we were in the devil's washing machine. Constant 3'-4' waves ran in front of the SE wind (about 30mph I'd guess) hitting us on the starboard aft quarter while rebound waves slammed us every so often broadsides on the port side.

It was obvious that one mistake on the tiller, or any boat failure, would result in a catastrophic capsize. That's probably when Kevin and I solidified our friendship, staying as close as possible, knowing we would be each other's only assistance in the darkening expanse of San Antonio Bay. We reached the ICW well after the sun dipped below the horizon and pulled up onto the shore behind a large buoy used for tying up barges. The mosquitos were thick because we were in a wind shadow so we started a fire in hopes of running them off and spoke of the fears and exhilaration of the day and our determination to reconnect with the other ducks.

The universe would have one final word in that harrowing story of the day we had sailed across San Antonio Bay. Early the next morning we set off down the ICW, dead flat water and 5mph of wind, when suddenly my tiller fell off in my hand! Had that happened at any point in San Antonio Bay it's likely the adventure would have turned into a rescue.

Since that year Kevin and I have continued to sail together year round, as well as connecting in several more Texas 200s. One year we built identical Gooses and on a cool spring day we teamed up in Kevin's Goose for a sail out into the Gulf of Mexico from Surfside Beach. We were having a fun time, doubled up in a Goose, sailing offshore with a light wind on a cool day. A sea fog blew in and blew out, just enough to really make it a mysterious time.

But the funniest part was just after re-entering the jetties when a Homeland Security patrol pulled alongside to give us a once-over. They asked the relevant questions and

all would have been fine I suspect, except that Kevin struggled a little with his home address, having just moved. We thought the suspicion of the officer was a little misplaced, "what exactly was he concerned about," we wondered? Two adult men in a 12' home-made boat, having just emerged from a fog bank, from the direction of Cuba. No problem. He asked more questions and I thought he may even be thinking about boarding us! I had made up my mind that I would insist that one of us disembark before he climbed onboard, but with a word from the other officer we were given a pass and off they went in search of more likely criminals.

One other short story about Kevin. We took a day sail one time aboard my Jim Michalak designed Laguna Uno. Off we went into Galveston Bay with a light but steady breeze, intent upon the circumnavigation of Redfish Island. Motorless, we were feeling very good about our seamanship, sailing off through the brown waters with full faith in our twin balanced lugsails and plywood hull. It was almost ten miles out to Redfish and we did fine getting there. But about halfway back the winds started to slack, and by the time we had three miles left to get to the channel it died completely.

Now lest it be said we were unprepared, oars were at the ready. But let me tell you, even lightly laden, a 23' sailboat doesn't exactly row easily! We made slow but steady progress, taking turns, all the while hoping one of the many passing power boats would take pity on us. They didn't. We finally approached the channel, which meant we were about to pass in front of the Kemah Boardwalk, a popular amusement park. Kevin determined right then that we wouldn't look anything but shipshape as we passed by the usually adoring crowds.

He took his place at the rowing thwart, took a deep breath and rowed with all his might without a missed stroke as we passed the Boardwalk, maintaining a steady 2-3 knots the entire 500 yards. There was the throng of people, all waving and smiling and never realizing what was really up. My only regret was that I didn't have the presence of mind to jump onto the aft deck and shout pirate insults at the onlookers as we passed!

Many other folks have made an impression on me throughout the many years of the Texas 200. That first year two other sailors were in the PDR fleet. Jason Nabors will always stick out in my mind that year for his affinity for Sailor Jerry Rum and his home-made washers game (a Texas classic if ever there was one). It didn't matter how much we tried, how close we moved the targets or how much rum we drank, no one ever scored enough to win that darn washers game!

The other was John Wright, perhaps the smartest and most experienced sailor of the "local" 200 regulars. He was plying these waters when they were still wild, before many of the channels and cuts existed and when tarpon and bull shark were regularly found in the bays. I suspect John has forgotten more about seamanship than I will ever know, with 70 something years on the water including even some time as a Coast Guard sailor.

Despite his superior knowledge, never has a more humble and helpful friend been found to sail with. He's also known for his faithfulness, if John tells you he's your boat buddy, he'll be there through it all. But beware, if you decide to follow John, you'd better have a shallow boat. One year we were

both solo in Lagunas, his a little modified. At one point I was behind him and somewhat further off the land because I knew he was in only a few inches of water. When I looked over at him, there was John standing on the bow of his boat, steering with a rope he had rigged, watching the wildlife swim by. It was a glorious sight.

2014 was known as the year of the Ducks. My good friend Chuck Pierce, a great sailor in his own right, organized a huge flock of PDRs to raise money for cancer. This brought a new friend into our lives, Sean Mulligan, all the way from Lake Havasu City, Arizona. I actually "met" Sean when he purchased a mostly built Paradox from a fellow Texan. We didn't meet in person but we talked on the phone several times. He needed a place to keep the boat for a little while until another friend could pick it up and deliver it to him. I was happy to give it a safe home for a bit and, in the true spirit of sailors, I decided to ensure the trailer was ready for the long trip west, doing the bearings and going over it with a fine tooth comb.

Sean and I finally met in person when he brought that same boat all the way back to Texas to participate in the 200. Sean is a great guy, a fantastic sailor and meeting him was a treat for myself and my whole family. We've never seen each other again but we keep in close touch, such are Texas 200 people!

Speaking of Ducks: here is another one I met that first year who has remained a good friend and a mentor of mine in all things related to boat building. I'm speaking here of Chuck Leinweber, AKA Chuck the Duck. Chuck is mild mannered and often quiet, but pick his brain and you'll see soon enough why hundreds of sailors have followed him up the Texas coast year after year. He's got most of the current legends of small sailboating on speed dial, names like Jim Michalak, Howard Rice, John Welford and Mik Storer. Despite being semi famous, he remains "one of us" in every way.

I'll never forget the day we talked at Padre Island Yacht Club my first year. He asked about my sailing history, of which I had none. I exuberantly explained, as though it was normal, that I had just last month built my Puddle Duck Racer and taught myself to sail. His expression changed from one of welcome to one of disbelief and for just a moment his manner was less than mild as he explained that I was likely to die and take the whole Texas 200 event with me!

By the end of the trip I had earned my bones, I guess, as he offered me the plans to build the prototype of the newest Jim M. design, Laguna, a special boat just for the 200. I guess he figured if I was going to be there, I ought to have a real boat! But seriously, Chuck L. has been an inspiration to me. He has helped me understand rigging, explained things like lazy jacks and proper rudder hardware, hosted my wife and I at his home in Magnolia Beach and helped me in so many ways.

I'll never have space or time to mention every character I've been so lucky to know on the Texas 200. There's the older gentleman whose name I never knew who had an aft mast on a PDR. It was cool but didn't sail well downwind and he ended up blown into Baffin Bay. Not the first or last Texas 200 sailor helped by a friendly fisherman!

And my friend Chris Breaux. Besides being a long standing member of the Texas 200 Board of Directors, he's known far and wide (or at least by me) for two things, he knows more nautical terms than Davey Jones (and uses them correctly in context) and when he sails the 200, his crew eats like kings!

Another friend who really impacts my Texas 200 experience is John Goodman. A multi hull racer and Olympic contender in a previous life, he's shown how skill at the helm can pay dividends, even in an event that is often billed as a downwind charge and survival of the fittest. He's sailed fine boats of his own build, including a fast and agile Goat Island Skiff and a Puddle Duck shaped EXACTLY like a '57 Chevy (aka Chevy Duck). John and Mik Storer once sailed his GIS with such skill upwind in Cedar Bayou that my son and I could not get past them between tacks, and we were under power!

There's more! My wife and I count Chris and Cathy Tomsett as some of our best friends. These are the two I mentioned earlier who met and married on the Texas 200. Yes, literally! But not the same year. If you've never heard the story of their wedding, just go watch Princess Bride and picture the wedding taking place on an oyster shell beach in the deep south of Texas. With Andy Linn dressed just like the priest, "Wuv, twue wuv."

Or how about Mike Mangus, a guy from Mississippi who showed me a great kindness despite our rather basic friendship at the time. I was offered a boat to buy that I wanted

but my life was at a hard spot and there was no way I could go to Toledo, Ohio, to get it. Without hesitation, Mike offered to go get it for me and hold it until I could get to Mississippi to get it. He not only did that, but in the weeks he had it at his house, he worked on it for me! What a guy!

OK, I'll stop. But not without one final point about the people of the Texas 200. These are not just people who meet up in June and spend a week together. Case in point, August 28, 2017, a day that is burned into my brain, and not in a nice way. That was the day that Hurricane Harvey pushed Chocolate Bayou 3' deep into my living room. I posted pictures of my flooded house and the follow up days as the water receded.

On day three I posted a picture of my house with the water gone and the caption "Let the recovery begin" and my Facebook and my cell phone began to blow up. The Tomsetts were already on the road, coming from San Antonio. John Goodman just needed to know what he should bring. John Votaw came from over in Seabrook. There were others. For a few days we tore my house apart by day and sat in a circle in the driveway at night drinking beer and sharing stories and future plans.

These people kept my family sane, gave us hope and helped us overcome a time that could have crushed us. We weren't broke but Texas 200 people from around the country sent us cash because they couldn't be there to help. I mean several thousand dollars. From Arizona and Oklahoma and the East Coast, folks did what they could. That money was used to help cover some immediate needs and we shared some with others that needed it more than we did.

Thanks for reading my stories of the people of the Texas 200. As you see, these folks are more than sailing buddies to me. It's no surprise when sailing in an event together when someone stops to lend a hand or share a meal. But our friendships transcend the event and affect our lives nearly every day. Perhaps it's the intensity of the event, the frequent need for teamwork to succeed and the joy we share when we reach Magnolia Beach at the end of another trip. But I suspect it has a lot to do with the type of people who take on an adventure like this year after year. Some call us crazy, some say we're masochists, I say we just love to be together, out in the heat and humidity and gales of South Texas!

The Thirteenth Annual Texas 200 June 15-20, 2020



Search & Rescue

San Pedro, California

The Coast Guard assisted a 78-year-old man aboard a homemade sailing vessel after he ran out of supplies during a five month journey across the Pacific Ocean. On October 29, the brother of the mariner notified Coast Guard District 11 command center watchstanders that his brother departed Japan at the end of May and was expected to arrive in San Francisco in late August. Due to a lack of wind, the man aboard the sailing vessel *Mayfly* was delayed by two months, depleting his food and water supply.

District watchstanders requested assistance from a nearby Automated Mutual-Assistance Vessel Rescue System vessel, the motor vessel *Tamesis*, to provide rations to the distressed mariner. The *Tamesis* arrived on scene and delivered the rations with no request for additional assistance.

On November 4, district watchstanders received a request for food and water from the mariner who was also experiencing heavy weather approximately 250 nautical miles west of Los Angeles. A nearby AMVER vessel, the motor vessel *Umberly*, diverted and transferred additional rations.

On Wednesday, district watchstanders notified Coast Guard Sector Los Angeles-Long Beach watchstanders that the mariner was approximately 85 nautical miles southwest of Point Vicente, low on supplies again, and requesting assistance with towing the sailboat. The Coast Guard Cutter *Robert Ward* was diverted from its patrol to tow the homemade vessel towards Oxnard.

At approximately 3:30am Thursday, the crew aboard the *Robert Ward* transferred the tow to a Coast Guard Station Channel Islands Harbor crew. The crew aboard the 45' Response Boat-Medium towed the vessel to Station Channel Islands Harbor.

"If this mariner hadn't had a float plan and reliable communications ashore, the outcome of this case could have ended up drastically different," said Cmdr Justin Noggle, the Sector Los Angeles-Long Beach chief of response. "We are relieved that we were able to provide the much needed assistance to bring him and his vessel back to shore safely."



Boston, Massachusetts

The US Coast Guard searched for two overdue sailboaters and their dog after they did not arrive at their destination in Norfolk, Virginia. All were last seen aboard a white 43' foot Benneveau sailboat named *Carol K* via social media post at 12:41pm. Coast Guard watchstanders were first notified via a phone call from Hollis' girlfriend reporting him overdue Friday. Search and rescue crews included an HC-130 air crew from Coast Guard Air Station Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and an HC-144 aircrew from Air Sta-



Our Coast Guard in Action

tion Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Rescue crews completed multiple searches over large areas of the East Coast of the United States covering more than 30,000 square nautical miles.

The Coast Guard continued its urgent marine information broadcasts on marine radio channel 16 pending further developments.



Windley Island, Florida

The Coast Guard rescued three people from a vessel taking on water in the vicinity of Alligator Reef Lighthouse. In the photo two people abandon the vessel taking on water to swim toward a Coast Guard 45' Response Boat. The station received a 911 relay call reporting a vessel taking on water with three people aboard near Windley Island and they quickly got on the scene, safely recovering all three people.



St Petersburg, Florida

The Coast Guard rescued two divers from the water 25 miles west of Egmont Key, Florida. A Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater MH-60 Jayhawk helicopter crew hoisted one male diver and transported him to EMS for treatment. A Coast Guard Station St Petersburg 45' Motor Lifeboat Medium boat crew recovered one female diver who was also transported to awaiting EMS.

Coast Guard Sector St Petersburg command center watchstanders were initially notified by a third diver who managed to swim back to the anchored dive vessel. The Coast Guard boatcrew sent over a crewmember to navigate the dive vessel with the third diver aboard back to Treasure Island Boat Club in Gulfport.

St Petersburg, Florida

The Coast Guard assisted three people on a vessel taking on water 25 miles west of Hernando Beach, Florida. A Coast Guard Air Station Clearwater HC-130 air crew dropped a life raft to three people sitting on the hull of the capsized 26' Seafox and hailed vessels nearby for assistance.

Coast Guard District Seven watchstanders received a report from the International Emergency Response Coordination Center of an emergency GPS tracking device after it was activated. The aircrew diverted from training and located the vessel. A good Samaritan was able to pick up the three people and return them to Crystal River, Florida.

Portland, Oregon

Coast Guard and Sauvie Island Volunteer Fire Department crews rescued two women out of the Multnomah Channel on the Willamette River after their 16' aluminum skiff overturned. The two women were pulled from the water by the Sauvie Island firefighters and treated for symptoms related to hypothermia by a 29' Response Boat-Small crew from Coast Guard Station Portland. The women were transported to Sauvie Island boat ramp and care was transferred to emergency medical services.

Watchstanders at Coast Guard Sector Columbia River received notification of the situation from Multnomah Dispatch at 3:16am and immediately launched the Station Portland boat crew. The reporting source was another woman who swam to shore after entering the water and called 911 from a nearby house. The persons in the water were a mother and daughter.

The 29' RB-S crew arrived on scene as the firefighters located the persons in the water. The Coast Guard took the first woman aboard their boat and provided basic medical care as the second woman was pulled from the water by the firefighters. The women were reported in stable condition.

Honolulu, Hawaii

The Coast Guard and Navy conducted a medevac of an injured mariner 431 miles off Hilo, Big Island. A Navy MH-60R Seahawk helicopter crew from the Kaneohe Bay-based Helicopter Maritime Strike Squadron 37 (HSM-37) conducted the medevac while an Air Station Barbers Point HC-130 Hercules aircrew provided overhead support. The injured mariner was brought to Queen's Medical Center for treatment.

"When it comes to search and rescue in the Pacific, distance is always a factor we must consider when formulating a response,"

said Petty Officer 1st Class Stephen Woodbury, a Joint Rescue Coordination Center Honolulu (JRCC) watchstander. "Because of the urgency of the situation, we requested the support of HSM-37 due to the Seahawks long range capabilities. The efforts of the HSM-37 crew members allowed us to medevac the mariner sooner and deliver him to higher medical care efficiently."

At 9:30am, Joint Rescue Coordination Center Honolulu (JRCC) watchstanders received a report from the master of the commercial fishing vessel *Lady Alice* stating a crew member was suffering from an eye injury he sustained while fishing. A duty flight surgeon was consulted and recommended the mariner be medevaced as soon as possible to receive a higher level of medical care. The *Lady Alice* diverted towards Hawaii to close the distance and come within range of hoist capable aircraft while JRCC watchstanders requested HSM-37 assistance. The Seahawk crew launched from Kaneohe once the *Lady Alice* was within range. The Hercules air crew walked the *Lady Alice's* crew through the hoist process and provided cover for the Seahawk crew once they arrived on scene and conducted the hoist. The weather at the time of the rescue was winds of 2mph and seas up to 6'.

The HSM-37 Easyriders are the largest expeditionary squadron in the Navy and support all Pearl Harbor based *Arleigh Burke*-class destroyers and *Ticonderoga*-class cruisers with a focus on anti-submarine surface warfare. They maintain and fly 15 MH-60R Seahawk helicopters.

The Coast Guard maintains Hercules airplanes and MH-65 Dolphin helicopters enhancing the readiness of the 14th District

with long range patrol and logistical support capabilities as well as quick and versatile search and rescue response.

Each search and rescue case presents its own unique challenges and the Coast Guard often works with the Navy throughout the Pacific to ensure quick and efficient responses to developing situations.

Atlantic City, New Jersey

The Coast Guard hoisted four boaters from a recreational vessel five miles northeast of Atlantic City, New Jersey. Coast Guard Sector Delaware Bay watchstanders received a report from Sea Tow that a recreational vessel with four boaters aboard had run aground and, due to having little food and water on board, had requested assistance from the Coast Guard.

A Coast Guard Air Station Atlantic City MH-65 Dolphin helicopter air crew arrived, hoisted the four boaters and transported them to Air Station Atlantic City. There were no reported injuries to the boaters. The owner of the boat is overseeing salvage operations.

Jacksonville, Florida

A Coast Guard crew recovered two boaters from the water near New Smyrna Beach, Florida. A Coast Guard Aids to Navigation (ANT) Ponce De Leon Inlet boat crew recovered the boaters from the water and transported them to the North Causeway Marina. The ATON crew spotted an overturned vessel and two boaters at 10:15am while working aids to navigation. Members from the North Causeway Marina recovered the vessel with assistance from ANT Ponce De Leon Inlet.

Illegal Charter Termination

Key West, Florida

The Coast Guard terminated the voyage of a 33' pleasure craft with seven people aboard in the vicinity of Mallory Square. A Coast Guard Station Key West 33' Special Purpose Craft-Law Enforcement boat crew boarding team conducted the boarding of a pleasure craft and discovered the following violations:

Violation of 46 C.F.R.15.605 for failure to have an uninspected passenger vessel under the control of a properly licensed individual. "When purchasing a boat charter run by a provided crew, before you step on board the vessel you should always check to see the captain's license," said Lt Katharine Brodie, chief of the investigations division at Coast Guard Sector Key West. Participating in an illegal charter can put your life and everyone else's life on the charter at risk by being under the direction and control of an unlicensed individual."

Owners and operators of illegal charter vessels can face maximum civil penalties of over \$59,000 for illegal passenger for hire operations. Some potential fines for illegally operating a charter vessel are:

Up to \$7,710 for failure to have a drug and alcohol program.

Up to \$16,398 for failure to produce a valid Certificate of Documentation for vessels over five net tons.

Up to \$7,710 for failure to have appropriate personal flotation devices.

Up to \$14,910 for failure to display navigational lights.

Up to \$39,936 for failure to have an uninspected passenger vessel under the control of a properly licensed individual.

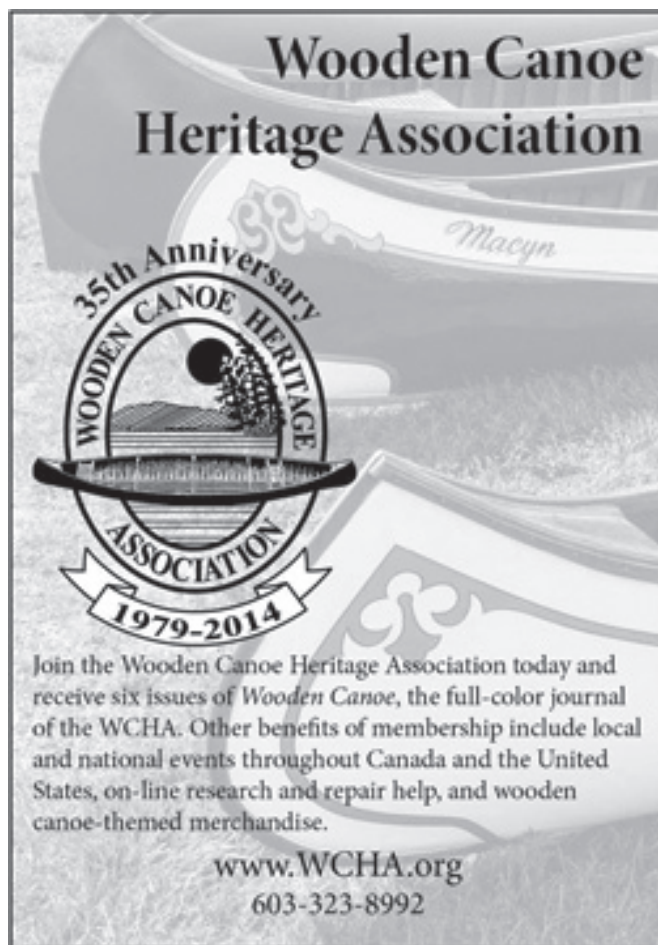


For those who know there
is simply nothing
better than
messing about
in small boats.

Traditional Small Craft
Association

Join like minded friends
in more than 30 chapters
across America.

Visit TSCA.net and sign up today.



Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

35th Anniversary
WOODEN CANOE HERITAGE
ASSOCIATION
1979-2014

Join the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association today and receive six issues of *Wooden Canoe*, the full-color journal of the WCHA. Other benefits of membership include local and national events throughout Canada and the United States, on-line research and repair help, and wooden canoe-themed merchandise.

www.WCHA.org
603-323-8992

History

In 1858 the US and England were connected by the Atlantic Cable over which Queen Victoria sent a telegram to President James Buchanan. Unfortunately, the US did not have internal wires and communications came to river towns by steamboat. Sitting at the ready at Prairie de Chien (Wisconsin) the *Itasca*, under Captain David Whitten, headed upriver to St Paul with the news. Daniel Smith Harris, one of the best known captains ever to ply the Mississippi, took his boat, *Grey Eagle*, to the main channel at Dunleith about 61 miles downstream with the goal of beating *ITASCA*. The race was on.

Itasca made her usual stops for wood but *Grey Eagle* burned everything except the skipper's trousers trying to outduel her opponent. Captain Harris was known as a fiercely competitive and cantankerous man of the river. And when the *Itasca* moved toward the dock ahead of Harris, the *Grey Eagle*'s captain tied a message to a piece of coal and threw it to the dock ahead of his opponent and thus won the race.

Stephen Beck Hanks, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, often ran the *Itasca*. It was highly regarded as a superior boat, making its schedule and providing some semblance of comfort for her passengers. Shortly after Christmas of 1868 the boat burned in La Crosse, Wisconsin.

Grey Eagle was owned and operated by Daniel Smith Harris, often loved, respected or hated for his competitiveness. He was not above lowering his freight and passenger fees to break even points just to mess with his rivals. Filled with a load of kerosene, *Grey Eagle* burned at La Crosse in 1870.

Liberty's Provenance by John Henshaw is a lovely coffee table book replete with engineering drawings of the cargo ships from the First World War to the Second World War showing the evolution of vessels until the design ultimately became the Liberty ships we know and love. The Liberty ship is definitely a British development that came to America because we could build ships without being bombed by Germany.

Henshaw's book provides a quick and dirty look at the problems between the British and American shipbuilders. The Brits used the metric system and their architectural drawings are based on different concepts. They used skilled, technically trained folks to build a ship from the keel up while Americans tended to prefabricate components of a ship with unskilled people who did one job on an assembly line. They riveted steel plates, we liked to weld because it was effective and efficient. England has lots of coal and built coal fired triple expansion engines. The US had plenty of oil and preferred oil burning turbines. Normally adjusting and correcting these issues would take months if not years, but because of the urgency of the war the problems were rectified in days to weeks.

Henshaw's book is modestly complex, short and pricey for a book. Nevertheless, I reviewed it for the Naval Heritage and History Department and I found it better than I expected.

Inland Waterways

Currently commercial divers work in teams of three, the Diver, the Tender and the Supervisor. The Diver, obviously, is the person underwater hacking, sawing, drilling, bolting, repairing, inspecting and all things that require someone using oxygen or possessing



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

gills. The Tender maintains the sundry ropes, equipment, air supply and the umbilical. The Supervisor is in charge of communications, the overall planning and safety.

The Association of Diving Contractors International (ADCI) is pushing for a fourth member of the team, Standby Diver. Although several companies have a standby diver on the team, ADCI would like to see all companies require such an addition. The Standby is suited and ready to go over the side should his/her presence be needed to assist the primary diver, possibly rescue him/her, or to assist in lowering large equipment.

JF Brennan Co already uses the four person team approach. Project Manager Adam Thorson was quoted in *Waterways Journal* as saying, "Frequently when working to remove framework and repair or weld metal, our divers need to utilize drills, hydraulic tools, pneumatic tools and underwater welding tools, they need to switch tools and have down lines that need management. Rather than steal away the attention of the supervisor or tender we make sure we have someone on standby to assist."

Among the Big Boys, an ABS based barge costing over \$24.5 million is being constructed in Philadelphia by Thoma Sea Marine Contractors for eventual use on the lower Mississippi. Using a robotic package, the beast will house a 42' gantry structure for revetment work. The Army Corps of Engineers will place it in the Mat Sinking Unit (MSU).

The Mississippi River remains at flood levels, as it has all summer, and the water based businesses are suffering dreadfully. Several marinas have simply been unable to operate because the walkways between shore and dock are underwater. Many had been able to put boats into the slips but no one can get to them. Those trying to put their boats on the hard for the winter must paddle canoes to their boats to get and try to find a landing.

I watched a tow heading upstream through Mississippi Lock and Dam #10 at Guttenburg (Iowa) and was fascinated at the time it took to pass a 15 barge tow through the locks. First they have to separate the unit into two parts because the lock is only big enough for half. The high water of the river is such that they only had to raise the water about 2' (or less). They shove those barges through to the upside, lower the water, allow in the remainder of the tow, lift it, shove it out, merge the two units together and away they go. It only takes about an hour or so, then they will get to do it nine more times before they reach St Paul.

River traffic is so incredibly inexpensive compared to rail or truck freight costs, and the locks and dams are so badly deteriorated and small, that something requires attention soon. Interestingly, the job market has massive shortages in truck drivers and barge work. The "want ads" are full of openings. And I'll bet they pay more than they pay old college profs. Gee, did I screw up.

A University of Wisconsin La Crosse study found 7-11 pieces of plastic per cubic meter in the Mississippi River (no, it is a number, not the convenience store). This is an ongoing issue of plastics in our water and in our own guts. Interestingly, micro beads from hand sanitizers and exfoliants were not found. Evidently they settle out of the water.

BP of North America was fined over \$70,000 for a diesel spill on Catfish Creek near Peosta, Iowa. It happened when they tried to repair a 2.5 million gallon fuel tank.

Thirty thousand fish were killed on the Little Maquoketa River. No fish survived for a 6.3 mile stretch of the water but the cause was undetermined.

How much sand is too much sand? The tons of sand from limestone bluffs on the Chippewa River sweep down to the Mississippi and build up dams at the junction requiring significant dredging. Disposal of sand causes an Excedrin headache. Even though the sand is free for the taking, it weighs in at 1.3 tons per cubic yard. Sixteen hundred cubic yards can cover one acre one foot deep. The cost of transportation of the "spoil" is expensive. Much of the spoil is moved to spots in sloughs to build up islands or used to fill construction sites. Farmers are opposed to dumping sand on land because it takes too much land out of production. FYI, you can have it dumped in a slough and then buy the island!

For we cynical, anti big business folks, the *Minneapolis Star Tribune* articles on 3-M's pouring perfluoroalkyl and polyfluoroalkyl used in Teflon, Scotch Guard and fire-fighting foams into the Mississippi has raised our hackles. These chemicals are linked to cholesterol buildup, autoimmune diseases, cancer and liver disease. The frustration builds when we now know that 3-M knew that these chemicals were harmful as early as 1950! Minnesota sued the company and settled for \$850 million, mere pocket change. Michael Roman, CEO, makes a lousy \$10 million each year.

Did you know that you can date the age of fish by the circles in one of its scales? While this method is modestly useful, it does not beat carbon dating by the ratio of Carbon-14 to Carbon-12 isotopes in the otoliths of the fish. For those of us who didn't have a clue what the heck an otolith was, *Big River Magazine* explained that it is an ear-bone deep in the skull of our delicious scaly friends. Extraordinarily thin cross sections of the bone are used to compare the carbon isotopes and can provide specific ages of the fish which, of course, is killed in the process. Evidently we don't know how to dig out bones in a skull and keep the patient alive.

Drum, sheephead, big mouth buffalo fish can be very old. Many fish examined were 70 years old and one was over 112 years old. I, on the other hand, do not need to have my inner ear bones examined to date me. The birth certificate says I was hatched 72 years ago, but what does the government know!

Gray Fleet

Buckminster Fuller was expelled from Harvard for sundry reasons, including his argument that shape gives strength rather than material (such as the geodesic dome). Lockheed's Skunk Works showed that shape could counter radar (such as the stealth fighters). Professor John Pendry, of the Imperial College London, is working on metamaterials that alter light waves, sound waves and radar and sonar waves.

Metals have electrical, magnetic, physical properties. These properties can be identified by sundry technologies such as radar, sonar or simple vision. Pendry posits that these can be properties that can be changed by bending waves via micromaterials and lattice elements 1 billionths of a meter. These can bend or change the waves making the object virtually invisible.

Astrophysics has long known that objects are not necessarily where they appear to be simply because the gravity bends reflected light. Using this same phenomenon, known as Snell's Law, bending light can make us "see" what is behind an object as if the object itself was not there, i.e., rendering it invisible. Science fiction? Nope, the Navy is working on it now.

The *USS Iwo Jima* caught fire at dock undergoing maintenance. On duty sailors with assistance from *USS Sullivan's* crew and the Jacksonville Fire Department contained the blaze to a single compartment in the hold. Eleven sailors were injured with heat exhaustion or smoke inhalation.

In political perspectives it comes down to "watch what I do, not what I say." President Obama pivoted his foreign policy toward the RIMPAC (Pacific Rim) and President Trump has spoken loudly and often about China's expansion and the need of the US to maintain sea lines of communication (Navy jargon for a strong level of presence in the region).

A *Maritime Executive* editorial hammered our current foreign policy of doing very little to combat Chinese expansionism in the South China Sea. They continue to build artificial islands and militarize them. They have violated a plethora of treaties, conventions and rules in the region while America simply stands there. They have stifled Viet Nam's gas and oil business, interfered with Australian, Japanese and Indian trade.

China continues to violate the Taiwan Travel Act and the Reciprocal Access to Tibet Act. While Mr Trump voiced his opinion of Mr Obama's stance in the Pacific as impotent, our current position in the South China Sea is considerably weaker. So says *Maritime Executive*, usually a pretty non political business journal.

White Fleet

Royal Caribbean announced a record Q3 net of \$883 million and a total earning of \$3.2 billion despite complaints of disruptions based on weather conditions. They will have four new ships next season including the *Celebrity Apex*, *Odyssey of the Seas*, *Silver Moon* and *Silversea Origin*. Royal Caribbean controls and operates four global cruise lines including Royal Caribbean International, Celebrity Cruises, Azamara and Silversea Cruises. It owns 50% of German TUI Cruises and 49% of the Spanish Pullmantur Cruceros.

Not everything is coming up roses for Royal Caribbean, the *Oasis of the Seas* was in the Grand Bahamas receiving routine maintenance when two cranes toppled over causing significant damage to the stern. The damage was so severe that the ship had to return to Europe for drydock and repair, taking it out of service for most of the season.

Sweden's Stena ferry company's *Stena Estrid* finished trials in China's Yellow Sea including a wide range of stringent tests. The company is building five ships in China for the Irish Sea voyages between Belfast to Liverpool and Dublin to Holyhead. The 215-meter RoPax ships will carry 120 cars and 1,000 people.

Stena's ferry, *Stena Superfast VII*, almost had a collision with a British submarine. Exactly what happened is not public information but the ferry was on its usual run and the sub was at periscope depth. The Maritime Accident Investigation Board (MAIB?) is running the investigation.

Fincantieri launched the *Costa Firenze* for the Chinese market. This is a sister ship of *Costa Venesia* that launched in March 2019. The new vessel is 135,000 tons, 323 meters in length and could carry 5,200 guests. These sisters are elements of a seven ship package costing a trivial \$6 billion.

Finland's Meyer Turku has constructed the first LNG-powered passenger ship but delivery was delayed due to the complexity of the propulsion systems. The *Costa Smeralda* is a 180,000-ton ship. The size of this ship is amazing. It looks like a skyscraper that floats. FYI, the word skyscraper comes from maritime vocabulary, it was the highest sail flown from ships.

MSC Cruise announced that it would be carbon free in 2020 by developing onshore coastal cleanups and ocean restoration. CEO Pierfrancesco Vaga stated that the company is trying to be 40% carbon reducing by 2030. Vaga also unveiled their new ship *MSC Grandiosa* that is the world's most environmentally ship at sea.

Merchant Fleet

Saudi Arabia has the fastest growing fleet of flagged ships. It increased by 28% last year. Most cargo ships are flagged in specific countries because of taxes, fees and regulations, thus the Saudis became the king of the hill by making it so easy to license that the owner can do it two minutes. Somehow, thinking of Saudi Arabia as the kingpin of the seas seems incongruous.

Environment

Scientists noted that the Arctic Sea ice is melting about twice as fast as first believed. Now the oldest and thickest ice is quickly liquefying and it is evidence that the summer Arctic will be ice free within

ten years. The Asian and Russian merchant fleets (to say nothing of their navies) are licking their lips in anticipation. Polar bears and other animals that dislike the loss of their habitat are not.

Arctic ice fluctuates about 1.2 meters in thickness per year. However, the region is rather dynamic with two layers, one permanently frozen and unchanging, the other melts and freezes annually. The problem is that the overall thickness has declined by about 5' since 1970.

Stuff

Steamboat and moonshine, what could be a better attention grabber than that? This past summer a couple of European guys had this insane dream of steamboating down the Mississippi in 2019, so they got on the internet, contacted a steamboat enthusiast, bought a 21' rear paddle-wheeler and the adventure began.

Another guy who had the same dream but died before his trip could blossom into fruition had built the boat. The European guys bought this, of course, sight unseen. Refashioning the *SS Thump* to their own needs and desires, the pair hauled it the Twin Cities.

As if they weren't crazy enough, they decided to collect deadwood along the river for fuel. And to add insanity to the dream, they also decided to collect corn from ten growers in each state they passed.

The trip itself had the usual traumas such as three broken rudders, a smack on a dike, high winds and physical exhaustion. Each guy had a two hour watch while the other tended to tasks such as oiling 18 points each half hour.

But the story simply did not end there. They had collected two tons of corn that they dumped at Seven Three Distilling in New Orleans, who promptly made it into 2,000 bottles of moonshine for sale in the US and Europe. They had previously done this sailing from France to Scotland before turning their boat into whisky barrels to make 733 bottles of special single malt Hogshead scotch. These are my kind of guys.





Maine's First Ship

Newsletter

Women's shipbuilding day brings out talent and enthusiasm, as always



A sunny Sunday morning, following the extra hour of sleep due to clocks being changed (plus widespread power outages for some in the area), brought out nearly 20 participants for MFS's annual Women's Shipbuilding Day. Helped out by shipbuilding volunteers Paul Cunningham, Orman Hines, Gail Smith, and Elise Straus-Bowers, ship-

wright Rob Stevens led the many hands in marking, cutting, planning, shaping, and fitting deck planks on Virginia.

Shipbuilders spent the day cutting and shaping the white pine decking, which has been drying under cover for a number of years. After signing the underside of the first

plank, it was clamped into place. More are ready for installation this week.



Virginia becomes watertight and ready for the sea



Virginia became more watertight over the summer with oakum, which is traditional hemp and pine tar, and cotton (which would not have been used in the original ship). MFS hired shipwright Andros Kypragoras for



the work, which is nearly complete. MFS volunteers assist-

ed Andros in his work, which included spinning the oakum and painting the finished oakum to prevent it from "walking out" and from leeching oil out of the seam compound, which will be payed over the seams.



Virginia is also one step closer to sailing the seas with the near completion of her masts. Fred Gosbee and Stu Gillespie shape the spars with traditional tools such as axes, planes, and drawknives, as well as the good old traditional chain saw!



Believe me, my young and old friends, as Kenneth Grahame pointed out to us 110 years ago, and as our publisher has never ceased to remind us for the past 37 years, “there is nothing, absolutely nothing, half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.”

Since *The Wind in the Willows* was first published in 1908, in the early days of motor-driven watercraft, we can assume that Ratty’s philosophic explanation of the life aquatic encompasses any and all types of boats. At least, that’s my story and I’m sticking to it.

While I’ve spent a lifetime messing about in many different types of boats, this chapter of my story actually began a couple of years ago. SWMBO (She Who Must Be Obeyed) had made it clear that she’s not fond of “tippy boats” after two near drownings in her Midwest childhood, no one can blame her. I was growing tired of single handing the Sunfish. Between us we have 17 wonderful grandchildren with whom we want to share our love for summers on Lake Michigan (kinda tough to do that aboard a 14’ boardboat). It was time to mess aboard something roomier, something faster, yet something simpler.

Other items on the next boat checklist included a comfortable, quiet ride, whether we’re out on smaller inland lakes, rivers or Big Blue herself, sunshade, privacy and picnicking facilities, ease of launch and retrieval. Our local maritime museum in South Haven offers many of these aboard the 30’ electric powered Truscott canopy launches that they use for sightseeing tours of the Black River, however, I saw the need for additional speed to handle Michigan’s frequent chops.



While building our own dreamboat would have allowed us to check all the criteria boxes, buying was the shorter term goal to get family out on the water. Thus began nightly messabouts on Craigslist and other online classifieds, plotting a course through thousands of listings to find a “sailor’s powerboat.” Our search eventually narrowed itself down to Harry Bryan’s Handy Billy. I’ll let Harry’s description of the design speak for itself:

“The Handy Billys (18’ and 21’) were designed to introduce boaters to an older hull form which handles choppy water in style while needing only modest power compared with most of today’s hulls. We relied heavily on William Hand’s work from 1910 to 1930 to create these seakindly hulls. The larger boat has the same soft ride and seakeeping as the 18’ boat, but being 3’ longer and 10” wider, she will carry a heavier payload and keep her crew drier.”

Harry’s V-bottomed 21’ launch was designed for battened seam cedar planking over sawn oak frames with an intended capacity of one to eight people and can be powered by an 8-15hp outboard in a boxed in well, to push displacement speeds, 25hp to get up

Nothing Half So Much Worth Doing

By Ned Asplundh

on plane. A handful of these V-bottomed launches have come up for sale, including a gold plater in fiberglass by Southport Island Marine in Maine, which was snapped up in only a few days.

This past June, just days before we headed west to open up the cottage, a Craigslist posting for a customized Handy Billy on trailer showed up in the Traverse City area only 200 miles from us! I hopped into a rental car and headed three hours north to have a look, another three hours was all it took to seal the deal with the builder, Steve Kaphaem.

My boat is a 2005 derivative of Harry’s design. Steve stretched the hull length from 21’ to 22’6”, laying it up with 5/8” diagonal cedar instead of the designed batten seamed planks, and slathered them with epoxy, glassing on the outside. This makes for a light but tight shell, better suited for launching and retrieving from a trailer. He also reconfigured the interior layout, instead of an open center console arrangement, the boat was originally built with a forward cabin and hard top. Some years later Steve modified the layout to the small enclosed cuddy and forward helm shown in the photos.



Long, lean (5’10” beam) and low powered with a 25hp, four stroke Johnson tucked into the “quiet room” he (no name yet) slips right along South Haven’s Black River, nearly as silent as the Museum’s electric Truscotts. I’ve also taken him (I prefer the workboat pronoun) outside on the big blue waters, bouncing around in 2-3’ rollers. Top speed is about 17 knots.



While we enjoy our “just the two of us” time on the water, especially when a goody filled picnic hamper comes along, the best fun is to stuff a number of grandkids aboard and hear their laughter as we roar over the waves.

As you can see from the photo, my Lady Admiral even enjoys taking the helm, no more “tippy boats” as we simply mess about.



BRYAN BOATBUILDING
Specializing in Powering Boats Responsibly

329 Mascarene Road, Letete, New Brunswick Canada E5C2P6 (506) 755-2486

The *Sylvana Beal* Comes to Essex

By Bob Hicks

It was a gray and gloomy day, after all it was early November. A few of us stood in the gray chill at Conomo Point on Essex Bay on this weekday morning to view the arrival of the *Sylvana Beal*, coming at last to Essex where the daunting task of restoring this 108-year-old fishing schooner will get underway as she rests in the creek alongside Harold Burnham's boat building yard.

We did a big spread on this latest Burnham challenge in our January issue so I won't go into all the details again here, Harold summarizes his latest project nicely on this page.

The *Beal* had been on the marine railway at the Gloucester Heritage Center since she had been hauled out in October 2018 after being sailed from Bar Harbor, Maine. Now, about a year later, after having all her ballast (including about ten tons of lead keel) removed to float her high enough (6½' draft, not 8½') to get her over the bar into Essex Bay and up the shallow serpentine Essex River to its tidal headwaters where the Essex Shipbuilding Museum looks across a tidal creek to the Burnham shipyard.

While gray and gloomy, the morning was also flat calm, a great relief for the towing of the *Beal* out around Cape Ann and on to Essex Bay on the hip of Newburyport's TowBoat USA, arranged by Graham McKay, master boat builder at the historic Lowell's Boat Shop in nearby Amesbury. The unballasted *Beal* still had her spars in place so the potential for some severe rolling existed should the seas be at all rough.

Well, it all went smoothly with a couple of advance scouts out ahead spotting the twists and turns of the now submerged channel at the top of the tide. The photos suggest a broad expanse of navigable water, but it's not so and so it was with a collective sigh of relief from all involved when the *Beal* coasted up to her winter berth in the creek.

THE SCHOONER SYLVINA W. BEAL

Built in 1911 in the Adams Yard in East Boothbay, Maine, the *Sylvina W. Beal* is the oldest existing auxiliary knockabout fishing schooner in North America.

Over her long life, the *Beal* has proven to be a worthy vessel, completing over 108 years of active commercial service as a fishing vessel, a sardine carrier, and a windjammer.

As the stewards of this historic vessel, our aim is to have her listed on the National Historic Register and rehabilitate her for future use as a commercial charter, education and research vessel operating out of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

It is our hope that, like the other vessels we have built and operated, the *Sylvina W. Beal* will help keep our maritime heritage and culture alive and present on Cape Ann.

Support the Sylvina W. Beal

Beyond the physical work we will also need capital to pay for material.

One of the ways we are hoping to gather this is to offer sailing opportunities in the future in exchange for your faith and support now. Below is a list of ways you can give and what we can offer when and if we get the *Beal* sailing again.

Buy one or more trunnel tickets: Good for 1 public sail ticket. \$50.00/ea.

Support the fastening of a plank: receive a citation stating which plank you fastened plus 15 trunnel tickets \$500.00

Become a plank owner: receive a plaque stating the plank you helped supported plus a certificate for a half-day charter for the maximum capacity of the vessel (Our hope is 75 persons TBD) \$2,500.00

Support a streak of planks: receive a half model of the *Beal* carved by master shipwright Harold Burnham and one overnight or two half-day charters for the *Beal's* maximum capacity (TBD) \$5,000.00

Keelson, Rudder, Spars etc.: For larger donations we are happy to discuss options for overnight charters, several day charters, sponsorship of education trips under sail, or what have you.

If you are interested please contact Harold Burnham, (978)-491-7666
Thank you for your consideration.



JGTSCA



John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association

Welcome to John Gardner
Traditional Small Craft Association

Visit us at the Community Boat House: Building #36 UCONN Avery Point
1084 Shennecossett Rd, Groton, CT 06340

Good Little Skiff & Dory Maintenance

from 5:00 pm Fridays, at UCONN Avery Point Boat house Building 36

Next Meeting: Sunday, September 8th at 12:30 pm

Potluck with Meeting to follow at UCONN Avery Point Boathouse Bldg. 36

Local: www.JGTSCA.org www.facebook.com/JGTSCA

National: www.TSCA.net

September 14 dawned cloudy and cool with a hint of rain in the air, one of those days it would have been easy to stay at home and do chores, but we escaped to row and sail the beautiful Poquonock River which flows alongside Bluff Point State Park. It also flows

Oar and Sail Outing at Bluff Point

along the Groton-New London Airport but the old seaplane base is long closed and the few private planes joined in the fun with a wing wag or two. The sun came out. A sea

breeze sprang up. Life was good, we would have missed all this if we had stayed home.

We used local knowledge (thanks, Dan Nelson) and launched at the Calvin Burrows Baseball Field just off South Road before going under the railroad. It is the railroad bridge over the river that makes this place perfect for our type of boating. The sequence was launch, row under the railroad bridge, row on to pass through the old trolley line bridge abutments, beach on the airport side to raise sail and then sail to the barrier beach where the river meets the sea. It also helps that the chart shows depths ranging for 4' to 2' to 0. It keeps the motorboats at bay.

The high point of the day was Ellie becoming comfortable sailing the skerry. Given confidence by the group, Ellie sailed her home all the way upriver from the beach. That is what going out on the water with our group is all about, you do not have to be a stellar sailor, paddler or row with your oars feathered inches above the water to have a good time and perhaps learn a few new tricks from others.



First, the participants: Ellie Czarnowski with her skerry and two sea-going puppy dogs, René Boelig, able crew on our peapod, Brian Cooper with his fabric Whitehall, John Hacunda with his bright yellow kayak made from traditional recycled soda bottles and myself, Bill Rutherford, chief instigator.



And the destination .



The sailers: Brian's fabric Whitehall with an experimental sail, the peapod and Ellie's elegant skerry.

After driving to Brooklin, Maine, twice this past summer to spend time in the "Wooden Boat Capitol of the World," or so the sign says when entering town, I was pleasantly surprised to meet Ted Beck who advised that he was about to launch his recently completed CLC Skerry! His garage is literally a Maine potato's throw from our front porch. The boat is beautifully built and finished to perfection. Most importantly, she floats on her lines and sails smoothly in the cool fall water. We often meet Ted on our morning walks, he with his crew of two lovely ladies resplendent in their white coats as they immediately sit and wait to have their ears rubbed by anyone who passes. Who knew he was building such a salty craft just one street over?

New Traditional Craft Built Right in Our Own Backyard

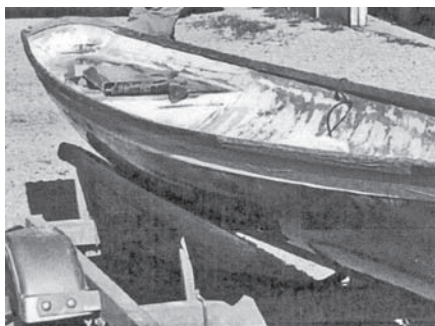


And here is Clay Burkhalter, proud owner of a Rob Pittaway designed Stonington Pulling Boat, freshly refinished, gleaming in the late fall sun. This photo was taken just days before he departed on a big boat delivery to Antigua. He is usually seen head-

ing out in his high tech Axopar power launch to catch the bright colors of a day's setting sun. Perhaps soon we will see him piloting his photo drone from the sliding seat of this sleek craft. He plans a drop in Piantadosi rowing unit complete with 9 1/2' sculls. Clay is partners with Dave Eck in the Dog Watch Cafe, catch his latest photos on the cafe walls after their annual January spruce up or at ClayBurkhalterPhotos.com.



A progress photo of Clay's boat, note the complete sand down and addition of internal flotation tanks. The craft is an original built back in the '80s by Peter Freeman, another local icon, and carefully preserved out under some trees in his back yard after his small craft boatyard burned down. Clay's efforts have inspired Peter to pull out the last remaining hull in his collection and bring it back to life. Stay tuned for a photo. On light air summer evenings Peter often rows circles around the Wednesday Afternoon Races fleet in one of his rowing boats. We look forward he and Clay again doing so in style.



The Pine Island Cleanup Lunch

Ellie Czarnowski organized a delicious lunch to energize the UCONN Avery Point Eco-Huskies returning from their annual Pine Island Cleanup. Under the leadership of Prof Syma Ebbin two skiffs were piled high with trash and treasures, a very successful day. Brian Cooper did duty flipping burgers while Ellie presided over a hot, healthy lunch. The students were a tad late, something about one skiff getting lost and circumnavigating the island. (Didn't they have cell phones? "Yes, we talked, but still could not see each other.") No worries, all had a fine lunch before scurrying off to class, professor included.

This is a fine activity for our Chapter, we support the school, the students and the environment. In past years the cleanup was held on Earth Day, this year it moved to fall to clean up the summer's use of Pine Island, a beautiful island just off Bushy Point. A big thank you to Ellie and Brian, Syma and the Eco-Huskies. Plan to volunteer next year, the hamburgers are hand formed, juicy and delicious.



John Gardner Small Craft Workshop 50th Anniversary

Dawn Miller, Manager of the Seaport's Boat Livery and John Gardner Boat Shop tells us that this coming year is the 50th Anniversary of the John Gardner Small Craft Workshop (as well as the 20th of our Chapter). Dawn has some interesting plans on how we may best celebrate. More to come.

Meanwhile Our Culler Good Little Skiff Build Continues

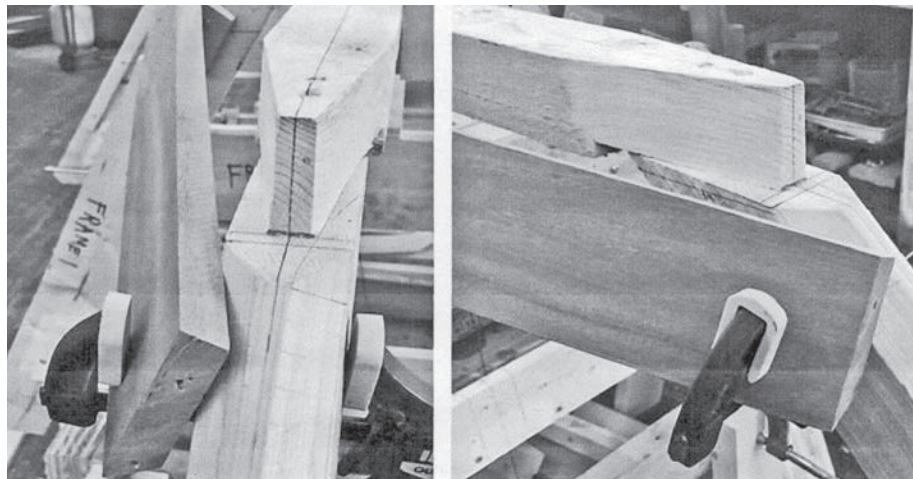
A Tale of Two Days by Brian Cooper

On Chines, Planks, Stem and Transom

Friday was beautiful day at the shop. Sun shining and warm. Sunday was a dark and dreary day, which turned cold and wet with rain in the afternoon.

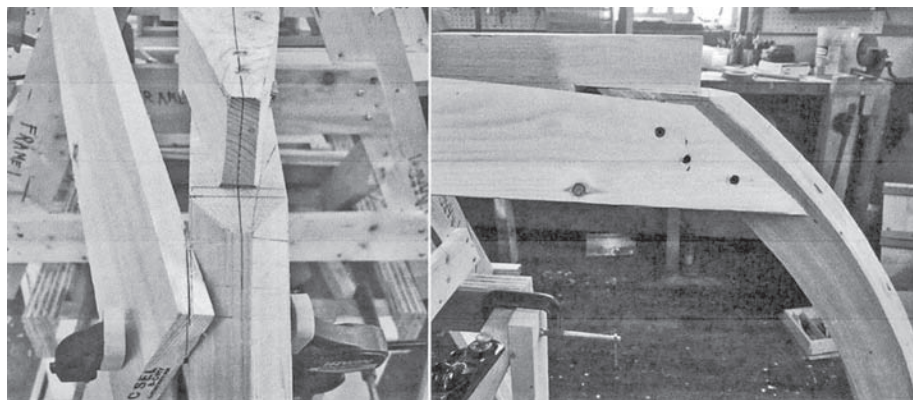
Attaching the Chine to the Stem

I worked Friday from 8 to 12 on one of the chines. Here are pictures of the chine clamped to the stem. The chine is beveled to fit flush to the back of the stem and positioned so the plank will land on the stem rebate. I used a scrap piece of pine to practice making the bevel. The process is to saw the chine using the back of the stem as a guide.

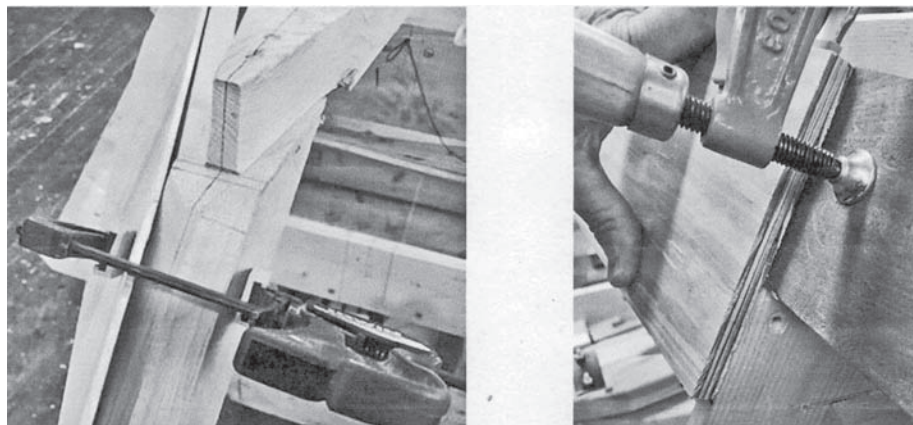


The Finished Joint

A saw cut is started by using the back of the stem as a guide. A line is drawn on the chine using a straight edge held against the chine and then continued down the front of the chine. The cut is started with the chine clamped in place. The clamp is removed to complete the cut. Multiple cuts must be made to arrive at the final bevel.



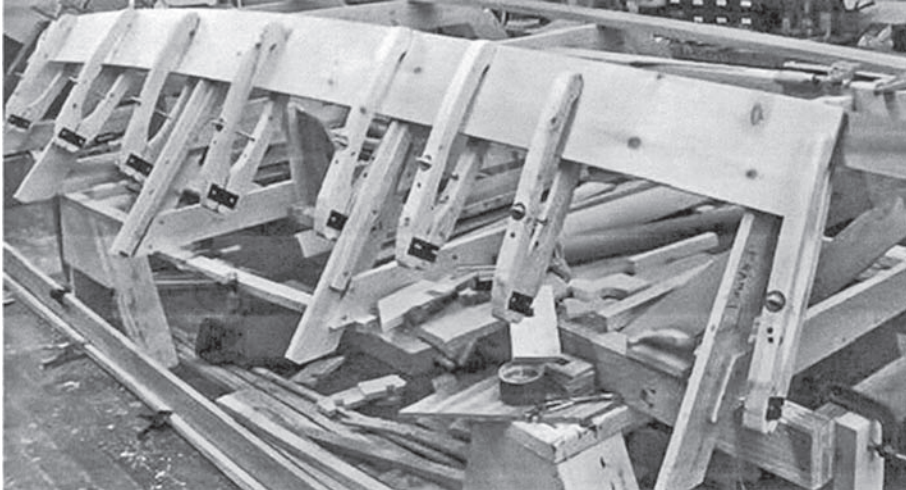
I checked the finished joint by clamping a plank to the chine. The plank was a piece of plywood. The plank lays flush to the chine until it hits the back of the rough bevel on the stem. You can see there is a gap between the chine and the plank. The rough stem bevel will be refined by planing the stem so that the plank lies flush to the chine and the plank has full contact with the stem.



Checking the Chine and the Frame Cutouts

Sunday I spent the day checking that the chine was properly positioned on the frames. I had to make a few adjustments (shim or remove material from some frames). If the chine is properly positioned then the garboard plank will be flush with the chine and also be flush with the frame. Clamped a plank to the chine to check the fit. The plank is a 1"x8"x10' pine board planed to 1/2" thick.

I checked for fit in three places. Solid contact is preferred but small gaps will be OK as the bedding compound will fill in any voids and prevent water from getting into the wood. No gap between the plank and the chine along the bottom. Plank is flush against the frame. At the top of the plank the chine is flush to the plank.



UConn Avery Point Class At the JGTSCA Boathouse

This from Professor Matt McKenzie: "I write to follow up on a promise I made to Dane and Dan a couple of years ago regarding bringing more students to the JGTSCA shop at Avery Point. It's taken me a few months to develop a course and get that course approved, but I am pleased to say that I will be offering MAST 3501: "Sailors' Skills for the Interpretation of the Maritime Humanities" next spring.

As the course syllabus shows, this is very much an introductory smorgasbord course designed to expose students to some

of the technical aspects of seafaring they would otherwise not see unless they shipped out. Many of our students lack the means to sail aboard a sailing school vessel for any stretch of time and this course is not intended to be a substitute for such an experience. This course is, however, designed to expose them to some of the basic technical aspects of working vessels that might help them interpret the works of Joseph Conrad, Farley Mowat, early explorers' narratives, Winslow Homer, and other humanist works emanating from peoples' engagement with the sea.

One key element in this course is understanding how boats are put together. For this spring, I was wondering if the JGTSCA

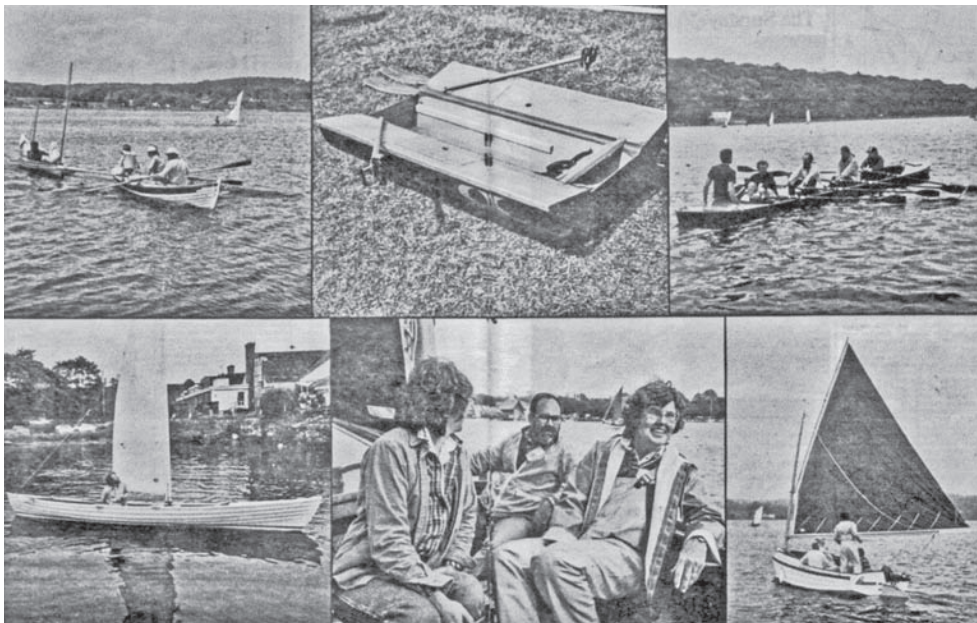
membership would be willing to offer the students a crash review, over one or two class meetings during the term, of the different basic approaches to small boat construction. We have classes on Monday and Wednesday mornings from 11:15 to 12:30 (I hope to shift that to a three hour meeting when I next run this class). To be clear, I am not asking for a hands on program with all the preparatory hassle that would incur upon you, but more of an overview where students can see different examples you may have in the shop and have someone explain to them the what, why and how of different small craft construction techniques. That said, if someone is willing to demonstrate tool use, etc, I certainly won't say no!

I've been developing this class since Dan Nelson worked with my student, Maggie Waldron, a couple of years ago. Her experience with Dan meant the world to her, it was the best course she took at UCONN she told me once, and I've wanted to see if there are other Avery Point students with the focus and drive she had to make it worthwhile to send your way. Regardless, I've long wanted to better integrate your shop into Maritime Studies offerings. This is a first attempt and I hope you find it as exciting as I do.

Please let me know if you are interested in one or two hours this spring when I can bring my students over to see what your membership does. I know the students would love it! Thank you, Matt."

Our response: "JGTSCA would welcome your class as well as the opportunity to discuss small boat construction and how different shapes and constructions affect their intended use. Currently we have a Culler Good Little Skiff build underway as well as a couple of other examples lying about. Our involvement would consist of a class during Week 4 at our shop on Campus. Peter Vermilya, Dan Nelson, Brian Cooper, Bill Rutherford and Carl Kaufman volunteered to assist during their visit to our shop as well as follow up visits to the Seaport's Small Craft Hall and Boat Livery.

Mystic Seaport Traditional Small Craft Workshop 1983 50th Anniversary John Gardner Small Craft Workshop 2020





THE EAST END CLASSIC BOAT SOCIETY



A Busy Season

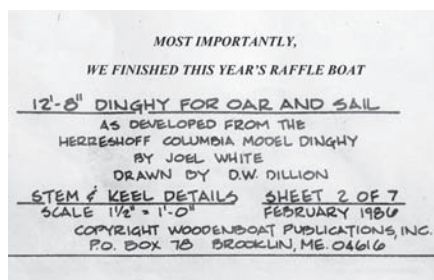
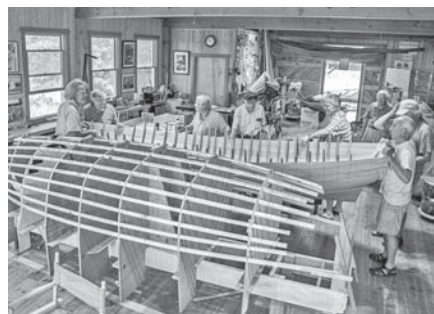
The past summer was busy and a bit hectic at the shop. In addition to the usual activities, building a raffle boat, continuing restorations and an expanding list of festivals and events to attend, we have had the new Collins Shed construction to manage. With the new shed nearing completion we turned to demolition of the old shed to clear the area in front of the shop. The last step from old to new was finishing the new shed, sealing the doors, mounting hardware and assembling the storage racks. We completed the refurbishing of a donated dinghy and we will have held our annual party for the raffle boat drawing in December.

About Us

The East End Classic Boat Society was established to maintain and advance traditions of classic boat design, construction, maintenance and seamanship through education, demonstrations and sharing resources and ideas. The Society operates from a well appointed modern building filled with a wealth of equipment, tools and machinery used to construct new boats of classic design and restore vintage watercraft. The Hartjen-Richardson Community Boat Shop was built in 2008 and is located behind the marine museum at 301 Bluff Road in Amagansett, Long Island, New York.

Our group works to maintain traditional skills used to build and restore vintage era boats. Members come from all walks of life including metal workers, writers, cabinetmakers, artists, carpenters and doctors. We invite anyone who would like to enjoy the fun of wooden boat building to join us. For those with no prior woodcraft experience, it's a chance to learn. For those with know how, it's an opportunity to use their skills to guide others. The cost of belonging is only \$35 a year.

We are open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 9am to 2pm. We can be reached at 631-324-2490 or by email at rhartjen12@gmail.com.



October marked the end of a five month summer break in the boat construction of my Doug Hylan designed 13' Peapod. On November 1, my 14-year-old apprentice Christian Buonopane and I again commenced construction of the hull. Last winter, Christian and I had had previously fabricated the station molds, bead and cove strips, the curved laminated bow and stern stems, the centerboard box, centerboard, rudder, tiller, mast and snotter. The actual hull will be constructed of $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick Atlantic white cedar which has been ripped and shaped into bead and cove strips.

This peapod will be used in the protected waters of Boston Harbor. The boat is capable of carrying two passengers but will be used primarily providing me some physical exercise and also as a tender to my 16' Melonseed which is kept on a mooring. It will also be rigged with a small sail.

This is boat build number 12 for me, having previously built four Nutshell prams, a kayak, a 16' Adirondack guide boat, two Indian Girl canoes, a 14' sharpie, a 15' Duck-trap wherry and a 16' melonseed. I enjoy building boats as much as someone who restores antique automobiles. Part of my enjoyment is sharing the construction process with my brothers, nephews, grandchildren. My helper with the 13' peapod is my neighbor, 14-year-old Christian Buonopane. I'm sure Christian will take what he learns about boat building and problem solving and use it as he moves into the future.

Looking ahead we will begin attaching the bead and cove planking.



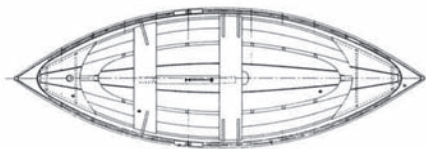
Getting started we set up the strongback frame or ladder frame. The strongback will provide a level, rigid platform on which the hull will be constructed.



The actual hull will be constructed of $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick Atlantic White Cedar which has been ripped and shaped into bead and cove strips.

Peapod Build Resumes

By Richard Honan



Christian and I then set up the station molds. The station molds will not be part of the finished hull. The planking will bend around the station molds and give the hull its shape.



Next up, we installed the curved, laminated bow and stern stems.



Since bead and cove construction uses waterproof glue, Christian applied clear packing tape to the station molds to prevent the bead and cove planking from adhering to the molds.



Christian marked and scribed the bottom plank, which is $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick marine plywood.

Finally, we we marked and scribed and cut the bottom plank, which is $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick marine plywood.



the APPRENTICESHOP

since 1972

As Pico Iyer describes in his book, *Autumn Light: Season of Fire and Farewells*, "Everything is burning now, though the days have lost little in clarity or warmth. The leaves are scraps of flame, the hills electric with color... I walk up through magic-hour streets and wonder how long these days of gold can last."

The coming of fall is bittersweet. It is one of the most beautiful times of year in Maine, but it is also the harbinger of winter when everything seems to turn inward. The waterfront has been bustling with activity, though of a different kind than in the summer months. We celebrated our last Free Friday sail with an open house and cider pressing. Since then apprentices and staff have been pulling boats out of the water to prepare for hauling the floats.

Progress on the Dublin Bay

The Dublin Bay is fully planked and the sheer clamps have been bolted in. The next step is to finish the building extension so the boat can be moved onto the concrete pad in the middle of the bottom floor. This will allow space overhead to work on the cabin house.



Cliffy

Lofting has begun on this 26' lobster boat. Apprentices Rick Kraft and Joshua Wiles spent the first few days developing a table of offsets from measuring the plans. They're now in the process of laying out a grid on the lofting table so they can begin drawing the lines of the boat.



Joel White Nesting Dinghy

Kevin has been patiently sanding and epoxying, sanding and epoxying this little plywood dinghy reinforced with fiberglass. The outside of the hull (only half is pictured here) has been painted and the inside is next, after, of course, more epoxy and sanding.



Susan Skiffs

Kyle and Susan have been working side by side on their Susan Skiffs, often aiding and motivating each other, which has been great to see. Susan is working on fitting her breasthook and quarter knees while Kyle has just finished fastening his garboards on.



12 Week Small Boat Building Program

For those who want to learn the basics of traditional boat building through hands on experience but are not seeking a two year commitment, we offer a 12 week small boat building program. With guidance from instructors, you work alongside apprentices and participate in the Apprenticeshop community while independently completing your own project.

The 12 week Small Boat Building Program introduces students to boat building through the construction of a 12' flat bottomed lapstrake rowboat, the Susan Skiff. Participants may take the boat home upon completion or leave it at the Shop to be sold to benefit Shop programs. All tools, materials and supplies are provided, though participants are encouraged to bring their own tools if they have them.

The 12 week program allows for the completion of the Susan skiff at a comfortable pace for most students. Twelve week participants are active members of the Shop community, participating in Friday walk around, Shop clean up, field trips, seamanship and other Shop activities. Participants who have the most successful experience in the 12 week program are curious and self motivated, yet willing to seek help and ask questions.

Other Goings On

Doug Borkman returned to the Shop this October to teach another round of the bronze casting workshop. There were ten students, including apprentices. In the first part of the workshop students learned the basics of the casting process through directly carving patterns into the sand. After they became more comfortable, they experimented with casting from patterns.



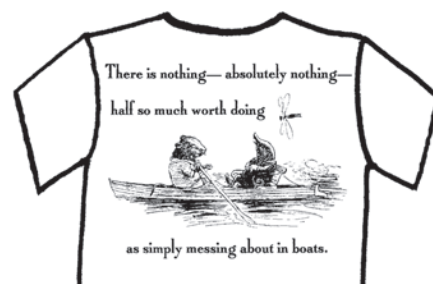
A student in our bronze casting workshop pours molten bronze into several packed molds while the rest of the class observes.

Building the Tenmasen

Director of Student Affairs and Outreach, Nina Noah, spent six weeks in Japan late in the fall, representing The Apprenticeshop, working together with Douglas Brooks and Mr Hideto Bansho, the last boatbuilder of the Echigo region on the Sea of Japan, to build a small fishing boat called a tenmasen.

The goal of the project is twofold. Boat building in Japan is currently in crisis. Japan's rapid growth in the postwar years disrupted the system of apprenticeship that sustained and nurtured it. Without a new generation of apprentices, craftspeople have been unable to pass on their knowledge. It is critical now to document the work of Japan's last generation of boat builders to preserve this knowledge before it vanishes.

With the assistance of multimedia specialist Benjamin Meader, Douglas and Nina will document the building process as they go through it using a variety of forms, including written and oral narrative, digital map, photograph and video. The other major goal of the project is to develop a boat building exchange program for The Apprenticeshop. The exchange program will bring students to Japan to document and study boat building from the last masters of the craft, experiencing a craft culture wholly unlike the American one they are familiar with.



**Simply Messing About In Boats
Shirts & Tote Bags**

**Featuring Ratty's Beloved Quote
from *The Wind in the Willows***

See our classified ad for
additional information

www.messingabout.com

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN
37 Doak Rd, Belfast ME 04915, USA.
www.archdavisdesigns.com
e-mail: archhdavis@gmail.com
207 930 9873

Plans, kits, epoxy resin, sails and more for the home boatbuilder



Newsletter, November 2019

The first two weeks of November saw me in Slovenia, teaching a course at the Srednja godarska in lesarska šola Postojna - a vocational high school in the town of Postojna. This was the idea of Aleš Verdir, the owner of a Penobscot 14 in Slovenia. My wife's grandparents emigrated from Slovenia to the US in 1913, and we have visited her family there several times over the past few years. We always have a wonderful time, and when this opportunity came up last October, I jumped at it.

The name of the school translates as the Forestry and Woodworking Secondary School, Postojna. The students I worked with were in their second year at the school, ages 15 - 17. Their instructor, Roman Pavlovič, started building the boat with the students at the beginning of the school year in September. When I arrived they had the station molds, stem, and transom set up on the strongback, with the keel, sheer clamps, and stringers in place, so we were able to start planking on my first day with them. I worked with Roman and two or three students, the students not being the same ones each day (a total of ten took part). Aleš was also able to join us for three days in the second week.

Every day I was up at 6:00 am. After a quick breakfast I had a short walk from the school's hostel where I was staying, to the workshop, to start work at 7:30 am. We worked until the end of the school day at 1:30 pm, although sometimes we put in an extra hour or two in the afternoon. The students were all pleasant young men, willing workers and ready to learn. Language was not a barrier. Roman speaks excellent English, and the students also speak English to a greater or lesser extent. In the shop setting it was in any case easy to demonstrate what was needed. I also got to practise my Slovene, which I think the students found amusing. They appreciated the opportunity to develop their skills with hand tools such as planes and chisels.



During the project we had visits from local and national media - radio, television, and print, and the school had a media technician who made a short promotional video, which you can see here: <https://drive.google.com/file/d/1oIXgrFkRvfaf80pgUQE1NVrZfE-8iD/view?usp=sharing> We also had visits from local elementary school classes, and hosted an open house for prospective students and their parents.

At the end of the second week we had the boat all but ready for painting. The whole experience was very rewarding for me, and I was sad to leave and return to real life. I am greatly indebted to Aleš Verdir for suggesting it in the first place, and to Cvetka Kernel, the school's principal, and Zorislava Makoter, the director of the woodworking program, who together made it possible. It was a privilege also to work with Roman Pavlovič, who took on the extra work of the project and will continue it until the boat is finished. My wife and I are already talking about returning for the launching next September.



The Building of *Helge*



Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the things you did do. Mark Twain

The Building of *Helge*

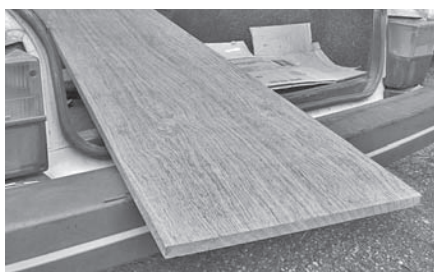
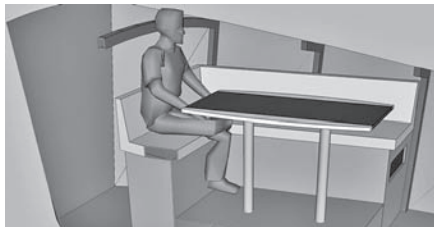
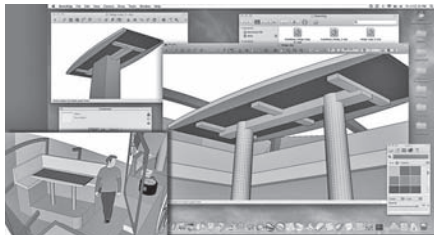
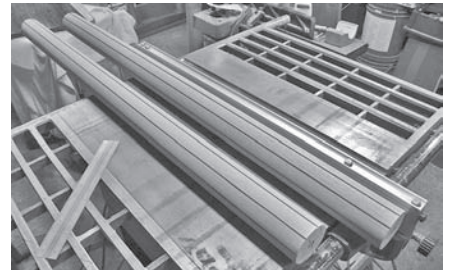
A George Buehler Diesel Duck – Part 5

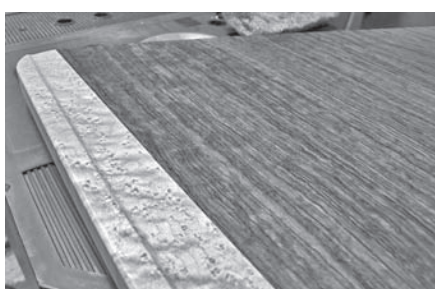
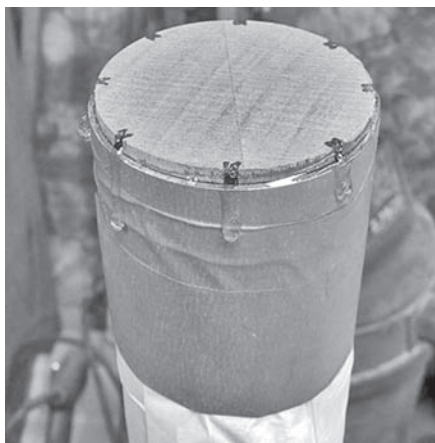
Wendell Gallagher is building a Buehler Diesel Duck 38. He had the steel hull built at a yard and trucked to his home and is doing the rest himself.

The Galley Table

Helge's galley table is African bubinga with birdseye maple trim. The slightly thicker birdseye offers a little fiddle. The table's finish is Daley's Ship'n Shore.

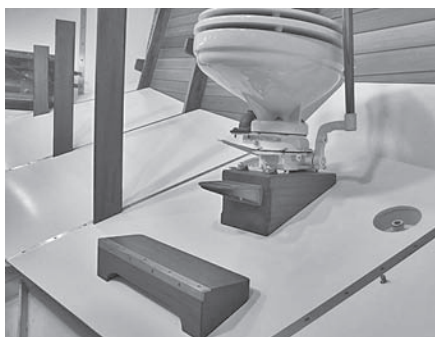
The table is supported with a mahogany spine. It's been suggested that transverse ribs be added for stability against warping. They can be added later if needed.





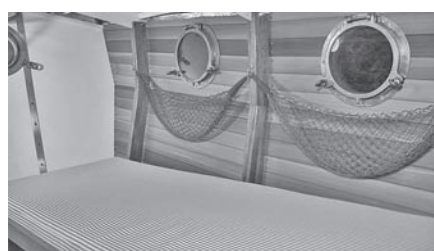
The Hull Liner (Continued)

The aft cabin cedar is sealed with Daley's Ship'n Shore and the frames are finished with varnish. The hull liner is painted white and secured with flush brass strips.



Storage Hammocks

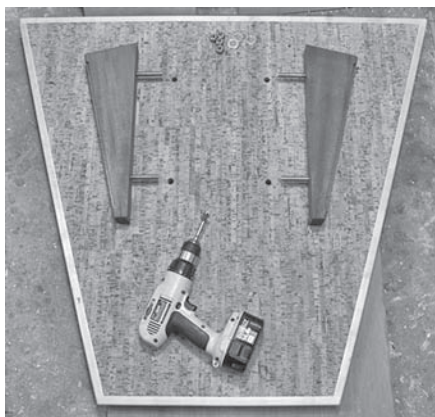
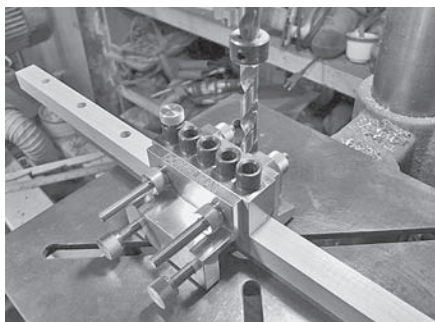
I found these storage hammocks at deckhandman.com. Each hammock is custom made by a fellow named Mark. He's fun to chat with and a talented craftsman. I've hung five hammocks in the aft cabin and six more in the forward pantry.





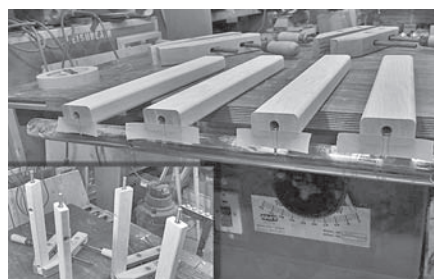
The Aft Cabin Stove

Helge's aft cabin is heated with a Dickinson Lofoten stove. The stove's pedestal is made from leftover mahogany rudder stock. The sole is $\frac{3}{4}$ " okume that's been trimmed with maple and covered with cork. Walking barefoot on cork is wonderful!



Bunk Railings

I made some simple bunk railings of 1" maple. I used Dowelexmax for the joints. They're surprisingly rigid and can withstand the full weight of a person hoisting into bed. I think they complement the maple sole trim.





Cabin top and deck of *Italmas* by Van Dam Custom Boats.



Mast detail on *Italmas*.

The winch mounted on *Italmas*.



Italmas Revisited

Reprinted from *Epoxyworks*
Newsletter of Gougeon Brothers Inc.

In *Epoxyworks* 47 we featured an article on the construction of *Italmas*. Today she's nearly complete and, true to reputation, Van Dam Custom Boatworks never disappoints. Here are a few photos of the boat showing off some of the craftsmanship Van Dam is famous for.

"*Italmas* is a world class cruising design tuned and tailored for her owner to enjoy sailing the Great Lakes. She combines distinction with grace resulting in a traditional take from Stephens Waring Yacht Design that squarely pays homage to yachts of the '40s and '50s."

The yacht exudes "classic," the hull seemingly born from restrained overhangs and subtle tumblehome, an elliptical transom and a traditional bulwark detail. The cabin trunk and hard dodger continue a theme in spare elegant styling that somehow yields a softening touch to the eye by the mix of strong camber and elliptical shaped details in the corners of the superstructure elements.

LOA: 44' - Beam: 12' 6"

Displacement: 23,500lbs - Fuel: 60 gal

Power: Yanmar SD/53hp

This gorgeous boat was built with WEST SYSTEM Epoxy at Van Dam Custom Boatworks in Boyne City, Michigan. The company was cofounded by married couple Steve and Jean Van Dam in 1977 in a small shop. Today they are stepping back from their operation roles as son Ben Van Dam, who has a degree in Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering from the University of Michigan, is now responsible for the boat shop's operations, culture and finances in his role as company president. Van Dam Custom Boats designs and builds the world's finest wooden boats.



The galley of *Italmas* also features custom cabinetry.



Italmas features ample storage and Van Dam's trademark custom cabinetry.

The ceiling and cabin hatch on *Italmas* feature Van Dam's gorgeous craftsmanship.



Princess Anne Update

The problem with making a smaller boat is that I'm tempted to do a better job which, as we all know, means a lot more sanding. Here's where I am so far since September.

At this point the hull had been sanded pretty good, filled somewhat and glassed. The glass schedule is typical me, way overdone. I first rolled a layer of 10" wide 20oz triaxial cloth down the middle. The weight of cloth means how much one square yard of the bare fabric weighs so 20oz means that a square yard will weigh 20oz. A small wooden boat will typically be glassed with 6-10oz cloth, this is not so much for strength but to make sure it's sealed and fair. I'm going for strong.



After this 10" wide piece (from RAKA in 10" by 100 yard rolls) I put this same weight cloth but 50" wide up the sides and overlapped the center by 2'. This gave the center 4' two layers of cloth and three down the middle 10". I overlapped each vertical panel by a foot so I had two layer "frames" in those places. Then to go completely insane I ran a 50" wide piece all the way from front to back. This gave it four layers in the middle 10", three layers across the center 4' and five layers at the overlaps. A 100 yard roll of this 20oz cloth weighs 180lbs. I wanted it strong in the middle because the bunk boards on its trailer are about 4' apart and I wanted it strong where it sat. This sounds like a lot of work but it's not really, just put the cloth on, mix up a half gallon of epoxy, pour it on and roll it all over then squeegee it to pull out the wet glue and air bubble, then repeat.

I'm not done yet. The heavy triax cloth isn't very smooth so now the whole thing gets a cover of 10oz cloth. This makes it smoother and adds a lot of strength with the layer of epoxy between the filled glass weave. Same deal, mix half gallon, pour on, roll out, squeegee out. Once the epoxy is mixed it has to be poured on fairly fast because if left in the container it'll self heat and go off leaving a hot smoking mess.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas

Here she is glassed with some filler on. It was pretty good but I kept finding other places that needed more. So I called my buddy Kyle at RAKA and told him to send me three more gallons of epoxy and two bags of "purple shit," otherwise known as micro balloons. As you see, I went nuts and coated the whole thing with this stuff, it really is like frosting a big cake. It's pretty easy to sand, or would be if the damn thing wasn't so big. Where did the idea that this was a smaller boat come from? Oh yeah, *Queen Anne* was 37', *Princess Anne* is only 23'. The keel here is higher than my head and I'm pretty tall. This is where it is right now. I'll let you know how this comes out.



Expensive? Not compared to building an airplane they tell me.

Building Skin-on-Frame Double Paddle Canoes



HILARY RUSSELL

Valuable for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. The unique chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

"inspiring...very clear and concise... elegant simplicity..."

— Iain Oughtred

"...a logical progression...a good bibliography...and a list of sources."

— Nim Marsh, *Points East*

"...graceful and beautiful craft."

— Matt Murphy, Editor, *WoodenBoat*

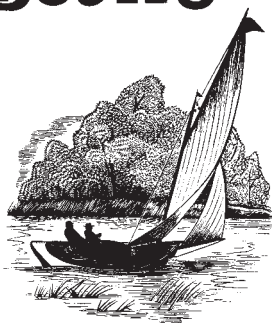
"Hilary Russell...has demonstrated... how to build a vessel that combines beauty and practicality to a degree rarely achieved."

— George Dyson, Author of *Baidarka*

To Order

visit **RUSSELL BOATS** at
berkshireboatbuildingschool.org
plus plans, parts and more

messing about in BOATS



Messing About in Boats Subscription Order Form

Name _____

Mail Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail Orders

12 Months – \$40 (Payable by Check)

to: Messing About in Boats

29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-1943

3 Months Trial Subscription – \$10

Mail Order Only

Internet Orders

12 Months – \$44 (Payable by Credit Card)

To: www.duckworksbooks.com/media/maib

No Telephone Orders Accepted

Out of Sight – Out of Mind Out of Stock

Kate regularly asks me, “how is it you can’t find room for all your stuff in that 1500 square foot building with shelves from floor to ceiling and a loft?” Great question.

It goes like this, “Out of sight, out of mind, out of stock.” Over the decades of turning perfectly good sheets of plywood and other remnants of once proud trees into dust, noise and small pieces, I have collected a large amount of Really Cool Stuff. Pieces of teak and oak and cedar, some with the most fabulous figures, some with a really interesting curves or waves or bark or knots. There are immediately usable parts for trailers and motors and electrical transmogrifications. Just lots and lots of Really Cool Stuff. But if I can’t see it, I don’t know I’ve got it.

Sure, I’ve built cabinets and drawers, shelves even. And once they get all nice and tidy and organized and put away, somebody comes along and stacks cut pieces or trailer bearings or lengths of conduit right there in front of those really organized and “normal people tidy” storage places. It starts innocently enough. I’d like to think this is more a reason than just an excuse.

I had a whole table at the back wall for “hot projects” to collect while out looking for parts or fasteners or wires or whatever I might be looking for. But then I’d wander off and dream up another hot project. I just know that if I toss out that floor jack with only three wheels or those extra light fixtures from the past job that I’m I’m gonna need them on the next job. This is what happens when a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools.

Time to get some working space back. Not a clue how I’m gonna manage to get that done. I just noticed that backup camera for *Big Red*, the one that I didn’t quite want to crawl under and run the wires for that day we were waiting at the tire shop and then, well, we had boat windows to invent and some sort of motor mount to fashion and, well, I’ll just have to see what comes of this.

It took me a year to make this display. That’s how long it took to collect the right number of same shaped coffee cans. No, I didn’t have a clue what I was gonna do with the coffee cans while they accumulated in a pile at the base of my Wunderwhut Shelf. And it wasn’t until I started to dismantle that iconic repository of arcane junk that this Brilliant Scheme just sorta elbowed its way to the front of the line.



Somehow, something like this had to look more like something like this without creating too many orphan piles.

Our local sheep counter is really good at figuring things out. He can tell exactly how many sheep are in the field. I’ve been wondering how he does it, and so quick, so I finally asked him.

The View from Almost Canada by Dan Rogers



“Oh, that’s simple. I just count all the feet and divide by four.” Well, I tried that with socket wrenches and screw drivers and screw bins and breaker bars. No matter how I tried the math, it boiled down to one, big LOTTAGUZZINTA.

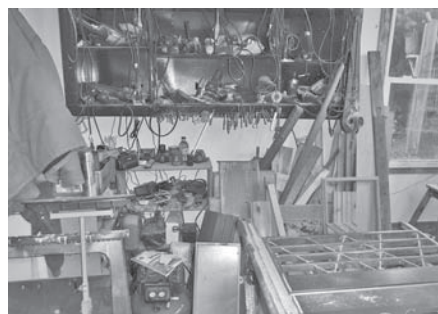
I built a tool room right in the middle of the Frankenwerke. No, we ain’t even close to finished, only just started. I just know there’s a big barrel of handsaws and jack planes that is gonna turn up. Or something else I didn’t figure on. I held back about five more running feet of wall space.



I might have to build a Tool Room Annex even before I get my Tool Room Guy stool set up. I think I know where I put my green eyeshade. Just don’t ask me, where the sandpaper is.

Time for Shop Makeover

It was time for a shop makeover. Things had gotten out of hand. Sure, if I couldn’t find something, well, I’d just have to pull the half sheet of plywood or the chunk of metal roofing away from the table saw, or maybe root around in a coffee can on the floor, or even go to the hardware store and get another one so when it got put down I might find it lying next to the one I was looking for.



Kate dropped by a few days ago and didn't approve of my "cropped photographs," that didn't show what I had strewn across a presumably cleared floor in the process of simply moving everything.



That tool room we got lashed up a couple of days ago, actually is sorta together. Boy, can it take a while to separate about four sets of sockets and box wrenches into a logical progression. And, of course, I'd just get something settled and had to figure where do I want to put that bunch of Stillson wrenches and what about the chain saw oil.



I did discover that pile of Really Cool Stuff that had accumulated along the back wall actually contained a radial saw table. And those hole saws will even find a wall mount right next to the Forstner bits just as soon as I go to town and gets some more of those peg board hook thingies.



And pretty soon I won't have to work in such a cluttered shop. I can have a seat in the shop Moaning Chair. I haven't had much time to use it this week.



Clutters Last Stand

Annual shop cleaning is not quite like housekeeping, not when I had decided to put the band saw where the jointer has been for years and traded a couple bench sanders for a drill press, all in the name of efficiency. But for the first time in a couple of weeks I looked up and could actually see the opposite shop wall. In fact, I got carried away, just a bit, and swept the floor.



Not that I won't still be getting things dirty. I just hadn't seen some of that floor for so long that I had to go introduce myself. Sure, there's a tradeoff. Things get a bit shoved into the final corners before the whole thing can fall in for inspection. Still a couple of days to go of wondering, "where am I gonna put this stuff?" I guess I could call it Clutter's Last Stand.



Maybe a Push Button and Away?

This is one well preserved 50-year-old. She may not really need much more than a little love and a full tank of gas. I just can't wait to "do something" with her. And the longer she has to wait in line for "outfitting," well, the longer the list of ideas grows.

Right now the line waiting for winter makeovers already stretches well into spring. This just may be a case for a push button and away.



If It Ain't Broke...

You know what we do here at the Frankenwerke. We take perfectly good boats and cut 'em up and change 'em around and wonder why they don't work as good as they used to. Even if we do, occasionally, make one better, that's no call for dancing in the streets. If we can make something better with just a little tweaking, then just imagine what we might do by REALLY MESSING with stuff!.

All summer long we took *Walkabout* hither and yon. I figure we covered over 1,500 miles on the water. That's a heap big accomplishment at 5 knots. And the whole time we were out and about I was scheming on how to make things better. I was mentally cutting and drilling and shaping and glassing and, well, "improving things." And now *Walkabout* is first up in the Winter Building Season rotation.

We already changed the propeller a bazillion times and added trim tabs and removed trim tabs and added, until we could run straight most of the time we wanted to run straight and we turned sharply when we wanted to turn sharply. And we stepped ashore when we wanted to take a walk on the beach.

But somehow there was too much square stuff causing drag, too many straight lines where a boat should have gentle curves. And so forth. So I called Sam and asked him to put his Bernoulli Hat on, sit in his Archimedes chair, take a big snort of coefficient of friction and induced parasitic drag tonic and tell me what will happen if...

I'll betcha we spent about an hour going over things like tip vortices and yaw rate and how added buoyancy will affect how the CEE-PEE will move the CEE-GEE around and do bad stuff. Finally Sam asked me a hard question, "Doesn't it work pretty good just like you've got it?"



Well damn it, you mean we should just paint it and finish the varnished wood trim and get her ready for the next 1,000 miles?

Simplicate and Add Lightness

All summer we clambered in and out of *Walkabout*. No, we didn't trip, not even once. No, we didn't fall in the water. We had four and a half square feet of clambering space, both sides combined. We had a folding ladder, two anchor rollers and a kicker motor mounting pad arrayed all around those four square feet. What's not to like?

Whatif we were trying to escape from a white whale sighting, or we were the white whale! Whatif we got one of those protuberances stuck under a dock someplace and tore it off? No, we didn't get it stuck but whatif we did? And whatif we did trip on that folding ladder and did a swan dive into a parking lot someplace? So here at Frankenwerke we have been whomping up a prospective solution, to our problem.



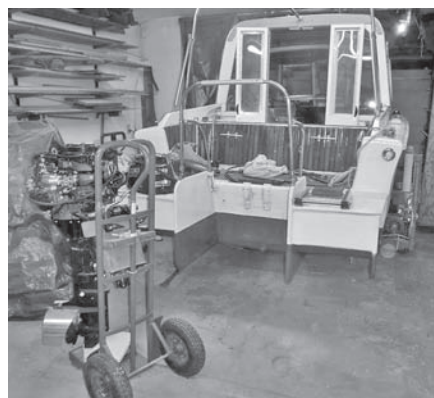
It's really pretty slick. Well, it'll get non skidded. But I think this just may work out. We've got to go to town to get some more Magic Fileting Stuff. We've still got a couple of days of sloppin' 'pox and glomping on bi-ax. But wow, we just got a whopping eight square feet of back porch. Maybe we oughta look for some patio furniture while we're in town.



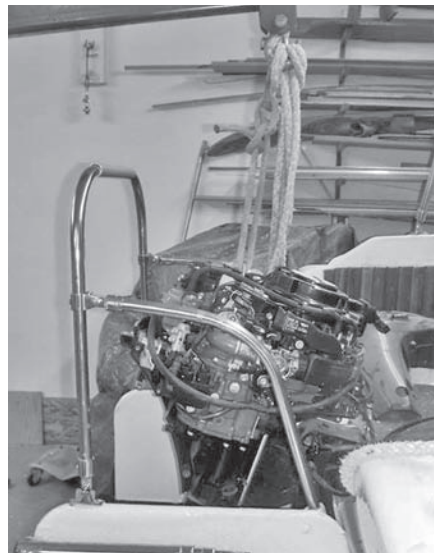
Takin' a Boat Ride on a Workday

It was a sunny day and the temperature shot up to almost 39° in the sun. Yeah, I know, it was mid November. The Frankenwerke was supposed to be making progress on the winter building season projects, producing noise and copious amounts of sawdust. Instead we spent the entire morning re-assembling *Mr Brogans*, *Walkabout's* trailer, and reinstalling *Miss Suzi* for a short sea trial.

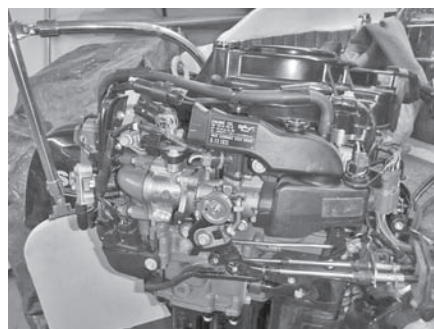
The basic notion was to see if we had made things better or worse with the newly added back porch set up. I figured it would be good to find out before completing our winter round of changes before everything freezes up. Having already built a completely different towing hoop and messing with the support arch for the soon to be expanded aft cockpit canopy, it seemed like a good idea to test things out before final assembly.



Of course, I sorta forgot how much fun it would be to have to back *Suzi* into the mounting area, twist 180° and then drop her into a new spot with all the old stuff to reattach. Of course, one of the wiring modules didn't quite engage. Of course, I only figured this out after everything was fished in, attached, covered, mounted and situated.



There's some pretty mysterious stuff under all those covering panels, mysterious to this self taught shade tree mechanic at least. I suppose this is why the owner's manual states on just about every page, "Do not attempt to effect this repair, contact your Authorized Suzuki Dealer."



The rest of the morning was absorbed with pulling our girl back out into the sunlight. That new jungle gym back aft required some pretty fancy moves with raising and lowering the trailer tongue to create an additional 1/4" clearance under the garage door opener. I also suppose we can go back into the shop barefoot. There's a potential for another coveted 3" lower that way.



One of the side benefits for a day hop out into the daylight before winter actually gets started in earnest is to be able to step back and look things over, not really possible back in the shop. After this looksee I'm willing to admit to a bit of satisfaction. The new addition looks pretty good.



But that was only part of the mission. We still had to find a launch ramp that hadn't been put up for the winter already. I figured we should know if this new appendage was a big drag on things, or not, whether steering improved over close in maneuverability. Stuff like that. Really only one way to find that out.

This time of year the Corps drains most of our big puddles down to make room for more come spring. There's about only one ramp in the area that still has enough water attached to actually launch a boat and, at that, we're really backing across the flat river bottom to somehow get deep enough.



I know, we're all supposed to be home making strategic plans for Black Friday or something, not out looking for a place to put a boat in the water. But we had a mission.

As near as I can tell we ran about as fast as normal, maybe even straighter than normal. Not too bad at all.

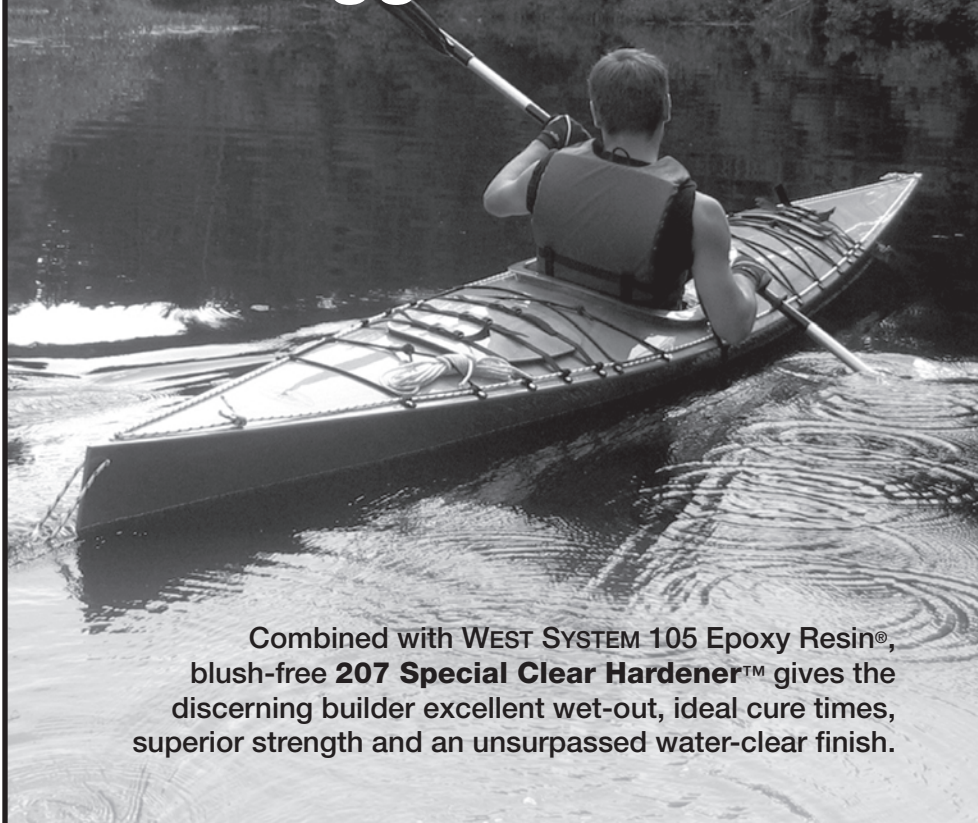


When I got home Kate eyed me suspiciously. "You didn't put the boat back in the shop, you're headed back out someplace, tomorrow?"

Well. Gee. Hmmm...



Rugged. Beautiful.



Combined with WEST SYSTEM 105 Epoxy Resin®, blush-free **207 Special Clear Hardener™** gives the discerning builder excellent wet-out, ideal cure times, superior strength and an unsurpassed water-clear finish.



**WEST
SYSTEM®**

866-937-8797
www.westsystem.com



Another Look at Clam Girl

By Hugh Horton huhorton@gmail.com

Thanks for the "Joy of Six10" article in the October issue. Here are some more views of my Cedar Key Dinghy Clam Girl. I'll offer the plans after I've wrung her out more and tweaked this and that to my satisfaction.

Before I offered plans for my Bufflehead sailing canoe design, a dozen years went into developing it with a half dozen other sailing canoes interrupting progress. Clam Girl is a first effort of this skiff design so I'm reluctant to let it go until I'm satisfied.



It's about time



Join Us

Kayaksailor.com

Kuvia llc PO Box 1470 Hood River, OR 97031 Ph 541.716.6262

SHAW & TENNEY

MAINE CRAFTED SINCE 1858



Makers of the world's finest
wooden oars and paddles.

Gear and Hardgoods for Life on the Water
800-240-4867 • SHAWANDTENNEY.COM

**THE
ARTFUL
SAILOR**



Whole Earth Nautical Supply & Sail Exchange
Port Townsend, WA

360-344-8120

Guidance, Goods & Tools For Sailors !

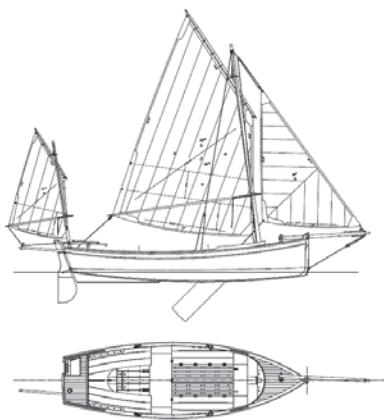
www.theartfulsailor.com

Here at Duckworks we think our collection of boat plans and list of featured designers is the best of any you'll find. As part of our curation process we're always seeking out interesting designs or catalogs of plans we can add.

Only a month or so after landing the San Francisco Pelican designs, we are excited to announce another two fantastic additions to our plans offerings, the complete catalog of designer Dave Gentry's boats and the previously hard to find small boat designs of Don Kurylko. Adding the designs to Duckworks is, if you'll forgive the expression, another feather in our cap.

Canadian designer Don Kurylko is all about tradition. Two of his classic sail and oar designs, *Myst* and his camp cruiser *Alaska*, wouldn't look out of place in a photo from the 1800s. Speaking of photos, Kurylko's designs are some of the most photogenic boats on the water. *Myst* has been called "the prettiest boat under 30 feet."

Myst



Building plans consist of 27 pages of written text and 11 sheets of computer generated drawings, including full size patterns for all major structural components (moulds, frames, floors, foils, hardware, etc). This makes transferring the lines directly to the building materials a straightforward and easy task, saving the builder considerable time and effort during the construction process and greatly minimizing the possibilities of error.

Drawing #1403 (included with the study plans) shows details of the construction jig and also provides small scale patterns for making a flotation model. This may be useful for the first time builder and can aid in understanding how the boat is to be put together

New Boat Designs At Duckworks

without first incurring the expense of building a full sized hull. This model can be as simple or as complex as desired.

The design brief for *Myst* called for a moderately narrow hull with an emphasis on good performance under sail throughout a wide range of weather conditions that might be encountered during coastal passages on the North American Great Lakes and along the Atlantic Seaboard. Extreme shoal draft was also desired so that the boat could be easily trailered and launched off the beach in areas with very shallow water, hence the need for some ballast to help the hull stand up to the generous sail plan. There is also considerable tumblehome designed into the hull to capitalize on a greater waterline beam and the higher initial form stability that it affords.

Any qualms about carrying ballast in an open boat are addressed by built in buoyancy tanks to provide sufficient flotation to keep the boat afloat in the event of a capsize. This, coupled with the extra flotation provided by waterproof storage bags, should give the crew considerable peace of mind out on the water.

The lug yawl rig was chosen because of its inherent ability to adapt to variable wind conditions quickly and efficiently. In a squall, sail area can be dramatically reduced by simply dropping the main and carrying on under jib and mizzen. Alternatively, the boat can just as easily be sailed under main alone. Either combination will balance. The centre of effort of the sails in any one of these configurations will fall on the same vertical plane as that of the boat under full sail.

Hard on the wind, the hull can be balanced by trimming the mizzen, in effect using it as a steering sail. The big centreboard also has a wide range of travel and can be adjusted to help balance the hull. Playing both in combination can trim out the helm and induce some degree of self steering on most points of sail. All the running rigging can be led aft to the helm for single handling.

Inside, the layout is designed in such a way that all the cruising gear can be stowed beneath the thwarts, leaving the area above free of clutter. The central thwart area can be closed off with hinged side benches to provide a sleeping platform large enough for two people to rest on comfortably. This doubles as a deck underway and makes it very easy for the crew to move about the boat without worrying about treading on equipment and supplies stowed below.

Stripped of sail, the masts can be used to support a full length boom tent over the living area. The tent can be arranged so that it overlaps the coamings and any rainwater would then be deflected over the side, keeping the interior snug and dry. Another option would be to simply set up a regular, free standing dome tent on the sleeping platform. This would have the advantage of providing better protection for the crew in areas where insects are a problem. It would also save on the expense of a much larger, custom-made boom tent and could be used ashore if desired.

Many other features have been borrowed from the very successful 18' beach cruiser *Alaska* design, including the wide, plank keel for ease of beaching and the two point, endless loop anchoring system that

makes mooring and handling the boat from shore an easy job.

There is provision for an auxiliary outboard motor to be mounted on the transom. Long shaft models up to 5hp can fitted, though a 2hp or 3hp engine is more than adequate to drive the boat at hull speed. For those who dislike motors, a pair of well balanced 10' oars have been designed to move the boat along nicely in light conditions.

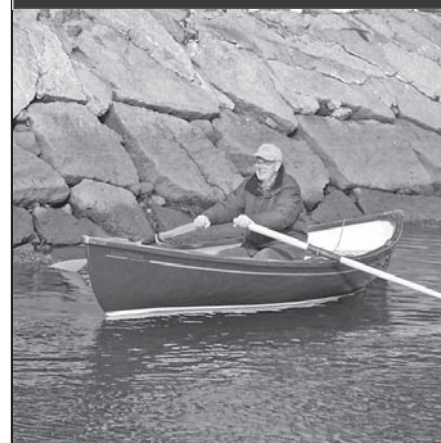
Construction is epoxy glued strip planking over laminated frames and longitudinals. Planking is 5/8"x1" wooden strips sealed inside and out with epoxy resin. Exterior fiberglass sheathing is optional but not required structurally. This boat is intended to be economical and straightforward to build by an amateur possessing reasonably good woodworking skills. A detailed 35 page building text is included with the plans. It is highly recommended that this be further supplemented with the Gougeon Brother's book on Boat Construction for those with little experience using epoxies or building boats.

Please note: At this time, plans are only available in Imperial Measurement (feet and inches).

Myst Printed Plans Our Price: \$245
PDF Study Plans No Charge

DUCKWORKS
BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY

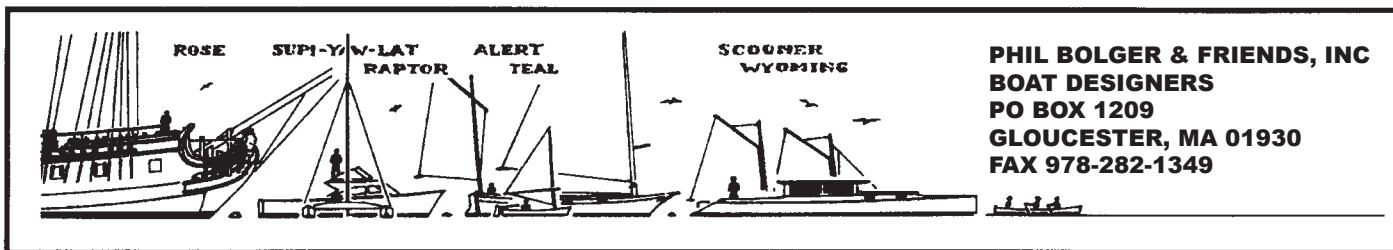
RAM ISLAND PEAPOD



13'6"x52" Handlaid Fiberglass Hull
Traditional Performing Downeast Peapod
Designed for Stability
& Ease of Handling
in Lumpy Seas & Currents

BAY of MAINE BOATS

PO Box D
Kennebunkport, ME 04046-1693
boats@bayofmaineboats.com



Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column No 543 in *MAIB* – Part 2

25 Years of Needless Damage to New England's Fishing Industry and Ecology A Question of Inept Regulations vs 21st Century Fleet Sustainability

With Apparently No In House Fleet Specialists nor Analytics, 25 years of a 50% Model at Work?

Even by late 2019 there appear to be no folks on regional NMFS/NEFMC payroll here in Gloucester, nor at the NMFS-HQ near Washington, DC, who have designed, built or operated boats towards gaining full understanding of the stark difference between “sustainable” design approaches and the dark early ‘90s era NMFS/NEFMC dictates upon this fleet. With that apparent lack of sensibilities, since 1994 NMFS/NEFMC have, with these crude rules, effectively forced industry wide stagnation in fleet and fishing methods, prohibiting the vital 21st century evolution of every fisherman’s most important tools to go to work with, the boat and fishing gear. And they’ll even claim that that was never their intent.

On the regional level, since our first public input of March 2003 and up to mid 2014, we had been routinely advised that correcting these two out of three regulatory errors of theirs was not at all within the New England Fisheries Management Council’s responsibility, *Federal Register* or not. Usually we were told “to go elsewhere,” these serious technical and policy concerns essentially dismissed, as have those concerns and objections of many fishermen, other serious experts and so many elected officials, by the NEFMC/NMFS process throughout the industry’s painful decline across this quarter century.

NEFMC/NMFS chose instead to invest some 98+% of their resources in the 50% Model. What does this term mean? Put simply, the industry consists of two elements:

1. The resource of fish, shellfish, etc.
2. The fishing fleet, the boats (and their ports) without which we’d have no fishing industry. Both are co equal. There is no industry without either half. They are two 50% parts of one 100% whole. However, 98+% of all NEFMC/NMFS discussions cover only one 50% part, the resource, often just counting fish.

So, at NEFMC/NMFS/NOAA we don’t find any round table of 21st century fleet-structure experts, no such committees. And without any such institutional sensitivity demonstrated since 1994, this is likely the only industry so transportation intensive in which no research, no developments, no regulatory or financial support have been pulled together to help the fleet adapt to e.g., the 360% increase in fuel cost between 1999 and 2014, or e.g., the recent ever shrinking access to cod, or just the industrial imperative to innovate.

Then suddenly, in the summer of 2014 they threw out the ever contentious since 50 – *Messing About in Boats*, January 2020

hard to define tonnage rules that had caused much legal wrangling under a well laid out regulatory process called “Vessel Baseline Amendment.” That proved that these metrics have indeed been their responsibility since 1994 and that the regulations can indeed be altered after all, even just to address their growing administrative nuisance factor, and that their failure to pick plausible metrics was proven with at least the dismissal of this first of the two bad ones.

However, despite our verbal suggestions and official commentary submitted on time, they continued refusing to swap length for weight well into their third decade of ignoring the needs of the fleet. No cogent reasons were ever offered, likely due to the absence of in house analytics.

By summer of 2016 things seemed to look up as we had finally had opportunity to directly brief the New England Fisheries Management Council Executive Committee by August in a 20+70 minutes session on our remaining concerns around length to leave boat weight and horsepower to limit the fleet by. Had NEFMC/NMFS recognized the needs of the other 50%?

That would not be the case. Without any substantive explanation, on the legal (and political) record between November 2016 and November 2017, NMFS/NEFMC decided repeatedly to NOT even have a first broad council wide public discussion for fishing folks on what a 21st century fishing fleet might look like, over 14 years after we first had raised the matter, 16 years into the 21st.

But is there any industry in which one cannot fine tune operations to match economic and ecological challenges? Would airlines or teamsters accept having their fleets frozen in time as of 1994 by some misguided bureaucrats? Would they deny a taxi fleet operation the experimentation with and then fleet wide operation of hybrid or battery powered vehicles?

Instead of allowing our fleet to develop new approaches under hard catch limits, to explore which boat and new advanced catch-method might match their business model best, for 2020 there is thus again no hope for the fleet to adapt. And this pushes this destructive deindustrialization of our working waterfront further, now deeper into the 26th year of these 50% policies.

At least 11 Consequences, Likely the Darkest Chapter in the 400 Year History of New England's Fishing Industry

For New England’s fishing communities, the ugly consequences of NMFS’ 50% Model have been far reaching, damaging to people, businesses, port infrastructure, our

community fabric, the seafood resource and the ecology at large:

1. Unprecedented technical and thus operational stagnation in the evolution of boat types and fishing methods!

2. Destruction of small businesses afloat and ashore by prohibiting their agile adaptation to new challenges such as adopting better boat types with lower operational costs, and much more sensitive advanced least by catch catch technology.

3. With the fleet and support businesses under duress, we are irretrievably losing more of our already limited working waterfront to gentrification, here in Gloucester with 28% already gone with the last Harbor Plan without any economic bang in return and with some in town impatient for more deindustrialization through the next Harbor Plan in a year or two.

4. Due to now a quarter century of this NMFS/NEFMC dictated stagnation of fleet and catch method evolution, we are facing a severe long term liability against the sustainability of fish stocks and thus the sustainability of our port economy.

5. This forces further upwards the 92+% import share of all seafood consumed here, often from uncertain foreign sources.

6. It is a hard fact that in an industry inherently dependent upon sustainable practices to actually keep the resource sustainable, the NMFS/NEFMC insistence on early ‘90s era (unsustainable) fleet stagnation also collides head on with their newest aspiration to craft a Low CO₂ Ecosystem Based Fisheries Management (EBFM), apparently so without an LC fleet!

7. Most peculiar as science based regulators, NMFS/NOAA’s own regional and national fisheries research fleet remains eco-technically almost uniformly underevolved, and thus high carbon as well, with no 21st century sustainable research vessel even planned. NMFS/NEFMC thus offers low carbon admonitions off high carbon unsustainable research craft.

8. Explicitly tasked by Congress to help the industry, there are no initiatives towards developing a 21st century sustainable fleet out of the national SEAGRANT system either, nor actually any academic institution public or private! Try finding any such...

9. Under some other agenda, just about none of the ecology activists (ENGOS) recognized this anti ecological de facto high carbon dictate. Despite hard facts, they cling to their confusions that boats and fleet don’t matter in fisheries management.

10. Elements of the fishing industry leadership that agreed to the ‘94 regs will apparently never correct that grave error.

11. To top things off, and perhaps inevitably so from the agency that has insisted across 25 years now on this de facto de-industrialization of many fishing communities here in the northeast, NMFS' recent "Fishing Community Resilience" initiative seems as well intended as their harshly enforced destructive innovation prohibitions imposed upon the oldest of America's working waterfronts, by 2019 a dubious (cruel?) gesture of support indeed.

Reactions of Our Elected Officials So Far

1. Either unaware, or even trusting the (presumed) probity of these NMFS/NEFMC policies, neither port cities, state nor our federal delegations have as yet protested nor formulated any effective policies across these tragic 25 years towards lifting this 1994 anti-innovation dictate off our fleet and fishing ports, America's oldest marine industrial communities.

2. Signed into law in '94 under President Clinton, no White House since has challenged this odd cluster of progressively corrosive dictates.

3. As the federal law running the nation's inland and offshore fisheries since 1976, the lengthy reauthorization efforts of the Magnuson-Stevens Fisheries Management Act (MSA) does still not feature any support for the emergence of a modern fleet, now into the 26th year of these fleet and ports stagnation policies, of de facto de-industrialization!

Defining 21st Century Industry

Sustainability, a Matter of Smart Evolution

Across our 67 years over 680 designs have emerged from this design office to a broad range of purposes, diverse materials, shapes, propulsion geometries, cost spectrum from protected fresh water to ocean crossing ambitions. More than half of these designs have been built, a solid foundation upon which to formulate a set of design-priorities towards a 21st century advanced fishing fleet:

1. The fishing vessel is the largest tool in any fisher's toolbox and thus the core of the venture's economics. Whether the chosen fishing method defines the vessel configuration, or the available vessel suggest a range of fishing methods, its underlying ecology and economics have the most immediate impact upon the resource in terms of quantity and relative waste required for profitability, certainly under EBFM.

2. Beyond hulls and systems the ecology of fishing craft design is an inextricable manmade part of the ecology of the resource, once the resource is subject to industrial harvest. Under EBFM, designing sustainable fishing craft goes beyond an exclusive focus on advanced hull shapes, materials and specialized systems. Resource ecology, shoreline and underwater geography, established socio economics of industry infrastructure and, of course, regulation all matter in the design process.

3. Defining structural and operational efficiency within EBFM, and on the tripod of sustainability' (see 15.11 below) many hard realities guide sustainable fishing craft design:

3.1. Uncertainty about long term energy cost and the emergence of carbon taxes.

3.2. The importance of shortest steaming distances to the fishing grounds.

3.3. The relevance of many old growth fishing communities near that resource.

3.4. Extant haul out and boat building infrastructure there for, at best, moderate size in/offshore craft.

3.5. Community socioeconomics based on many small locally owned operations.

3.6. Myriad of owners' concurrent initiatives favors rapid evolution deeper towards sustainability.

3.7. Fuel cost and resource ecology dictate least carbon operational principles from catch to plate.

3.8. High carbon fishing would increasingly be limited to certain species only.

3.9. Smart sizing the craft will be imperative to indeed match vessel parameters with resource ecology.

3.10. Sustainable hull materials will progressively matter.

3.11. Such advanced boat types would go hand in hand with, and indeed be essential to support, highly selective fishing methods by balancing reduced operations cost with likely slower approaches to fishing particular species.

Solutions

By late 2019 it is up to New England communities to reassert the viability of America's oldest fishing fleets. We can leverage the following 13 advanced policy-proposals and well developed design work to roll back these dark policy failures:

1. Removal of the explicit anti innovation regulatory obstacles put in place starting in '94 against the natural evolution of the industry towards lower carbon/less expense fleet structures and operational models.

2. Stress test/purge of any and all high carbon federal and state regulation. NMFS and relevant federal and state agencies must scan all their regulatory provisions for de facto high carbon regulatory dictates, obvious and hidden ones and pursue paths towards their sustainability guided adjustment or outright elimination.

3. Rationalizing fleet parameter by just using measured weight and horsepower remain the sole direct and honest indicators of any vessel's size and resource lethality. NEFMC/NMFS formulae urgently need to be updated to these two plausible limit factors upon vessel size growth.

Technically an officially permitted weight per permit is directly measurable with say 50% fuel load, no gear, no crew, no ice, via the craft hanging in an officially certified and routinely reconfirmed travel lift most of which have built in reliable indicators of the weight in their lifting slings. In recent decades this technology has become ubiquitous in near every port, here in New England in a rich range of capacities ranging up to in excess of 400 tons of lifting capability covering 99.99% of all conceivable fishing vessel types likely to be active in this region.

Thus, even in 1994 only stark indifference to the value of displacement/weight of the craft in the water would have kept this readily quantifiable measure out of SSC/NEFMC/NMFS/NOAA legally binding definitions of plausible fleet restrictions, making this an especially egregious conceptual and technical failure by these regulatory agents.

4. Federal and industry collaboration fuelled by grant driven R&D processes to arrive at broadly accessible innovations for the industry in a decisive move to help the fleet recover from now over 25 years of dictated stagnation, dictated prohibition to ever become ecologically fully sustainable in the comprehensive definition offered by Eco System Based Fisheries Management (EBFM).

5. Revitalize and fine tune federal fleet support programs already on the books to help the fleet to begin to make up for these tragically destructive 21 years of dictated developmental stagnation.

6. Incentivize the industry to migrate laterally towards such advanced sustainable fishing craft:

a. Rewrite federal fleet building legislation of late '70s/early '80s by exchanging capacity building references with low/least carbon/sustainable seafood supply security/national energy security context to focus funding on green types.

b. Compel largest green advocacy groups to directly financially support the migration towards the greenest/most sustainable commercial fishing fleet anywhere in the world.

c. Incentivize fishers with tax incentives, low interest loan programs, grants, additional quota units. One incentive package could consist of a fleet greening funding formula of 33% government/33% PEW-EDF funding/33% fishers as a most comprehensive industry wide sustainability P.R. truth test.

7. Offer in any bailout/buyout program this sustainability enhancing incentives package option to support migrating laterally into sustainable hulls and fishing methods. Retaining and demographically balancing the industry's local and regional industrial knowledge base is vital to the nimble agility inherently necessary for this industry in order to respond immediately on hundreds/thousands of boats to the vagaries of the local and regional resource ecology, weather conditions, market fluctuations and changing politics.

8. Offer explicit incentives (quota, access, etc) to exceptional fishers pursuing their own path breaking innovations towards 21st century EBFM correct fishing craft and fishing methods.

9. Initiate explicitly focused R&D into choke species evading fishing methods that leave e.g., cod alone but targets abundant species instead.

10. Correct the incomplete definition of EBFM: Once the resource is subject to industrial harvest, the commercial fishing fleet is an inextricable manmade part of the ecology of the resource. Therefore the fleet is inherently and unavoidably one central element of any plausible definition of Ecosystem Based Fisheries Management.

11. Emphasis on the tripod of sustainability to assure EBFM correct fishing fleet sustainability: EBFM must actually be seen as requiring a stable three element foundation to be conceptually coherent and indeed sustainable. Its three elements are:

Leg 1. Sustainable Resource Management, based on stock assessment and emerging ecosystem knowledge;

Leg 2. Sustainable fleet structure, based on industrial resilience due to least carbon vessel economics and fleet practices; and

Leg 3. Sustainable shore side infrastructure typically in socio economically well evolved communities.

12. Quiet, almost out of sight, privatizing of our public resource with its unavoidable consolidation/concentration of ownership runs counter to all desirable resource ecological, energy political, socio economic values, as it violates the inextricable link between resource and industry and thus community sustainability:

a. Fewer larger vessels are already home ported in a few larger ports, im-

diately and permanently dictating longer steaming distances after local waters are fished out again.

b. Many small coastal communities are already stripped of much of the remaining fisheries and infrastructure and jobs and tax base.

c. The surviving hulls and operations will conceptually and physically remain as high carbon as they are now! This means that the projected long term energy cost and energy use taxation level increases will put this remaining fraction of the fleet at near certain terminal risk, as claims of economies of scale have historically been based on cheap energy and abundant resource levels, neither one guaranteed.

13. Integrate this policy cluster into the drafting of the upcoming Magnusson-Stevens Act Reauthorization effort in Congress.

The Way Ahead: Leveraging States' Capabilities Under our Federal System

As all this takes time and will be subject to stout disputes and broad discussions, we can, on the NE states level, pursue innovating our fleet, our catch methods and our port economies. Following our deep rooted traditions of progress and leveraging smart analytics under advanced resource management principles, America's oldest working waterfronts can and should lead innovation with the exploration of 21st century least carbon smart fishing fishing boat projects, including cutting edge research vessels, advanced fishing methods, etc. Our state universities, state marine resources management agencies and boards have central roles to play towards recovery of this America's oldest industry, perhaps to lead the nation again.

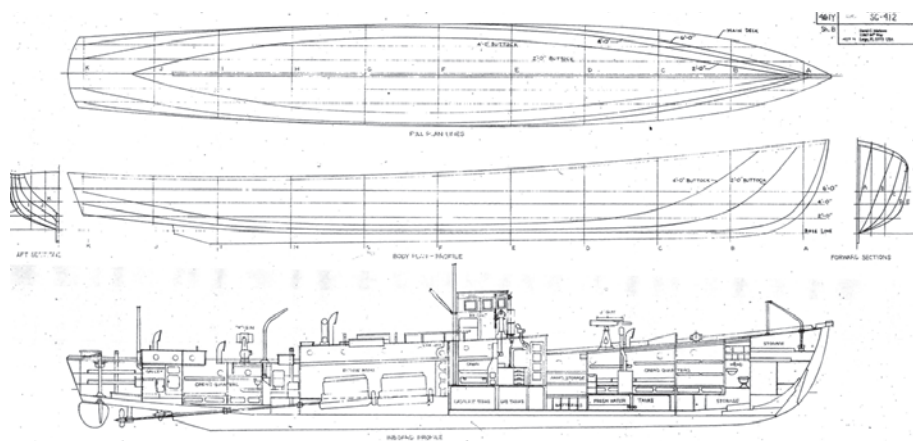
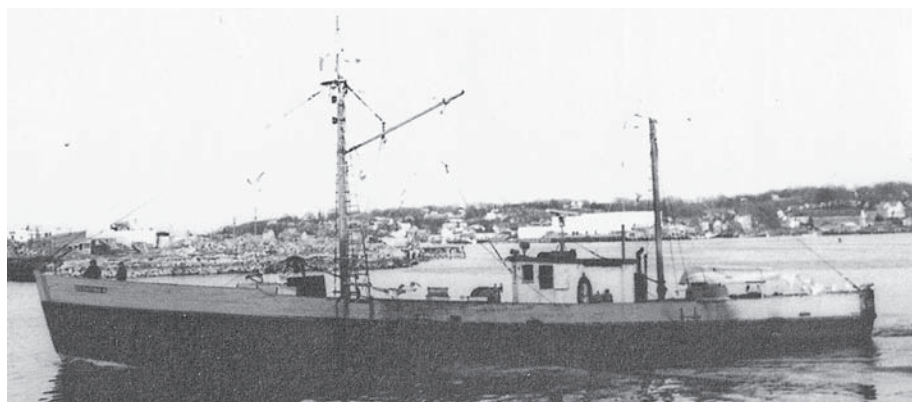
And our Congressional delegations needs to insert into MSA solid supports to allow the emergence of a sustainable fleet on the federal level, which should indeed be a bipartisan matter. Which elected folks want to preside over this policy failure?

Leveraging distinctly local opportunities under our federal system, here on our oldest working waterfront we can begin returning our oldest industry towards sustainable 21st century viability by dedicating serious attention to this issues cluster to explore well developed options to help ourselves, the next generations and support the ecology out there upon which our fishing ports have prospered for over 370 years.

As America's oldest fleets and ports, we actually already know what to do to reestablish our fleet and port viability! After all, the Atlantic will always offer our ports more sustainable riches across more centuries yet to come than just about any land based projects.

And until there is solid good news of substantive progress to report here in MAIB, this should indeed be the last discussion on our efforts to help our primary economic engine here in Gloucester, America's oldest fishing port and that of many NE's coastal communities.

Next time, back to actual boats!



Over a dozen of these 110'x15.5' WW-1 Submarine-Chaser conversions operated out of Gloucester into the early '70s. But under current regs such long and lean shapes, 7:1 length to beam ratio, are de facto impossible to operate legally, conceptually disorienting to our marine biology centric regulators.

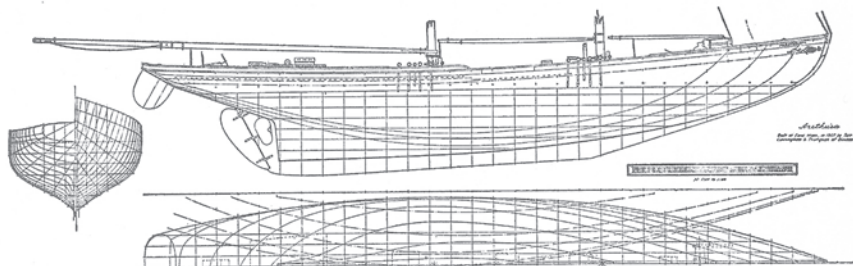


Figure 29. Lines of ARETHUSA, a knockabout built in 1907

A look far back at the largest fishing schooner built in Essex, Massachusetts, *Arethusa's* 1907 fast hull proportions measuring 114'x25.6' even with a 21st century hybrid propulsion of wind and Diesel power would conceptually utterly overwhelm the conceptual framework within which regulators think 100 years later, a technologically and ecologically massive step backwards indeed (*Arethusa* lines out of Howard Chapell's *American Sailing Craft*, pp 101-102; International Marine Camden ME, 1975).

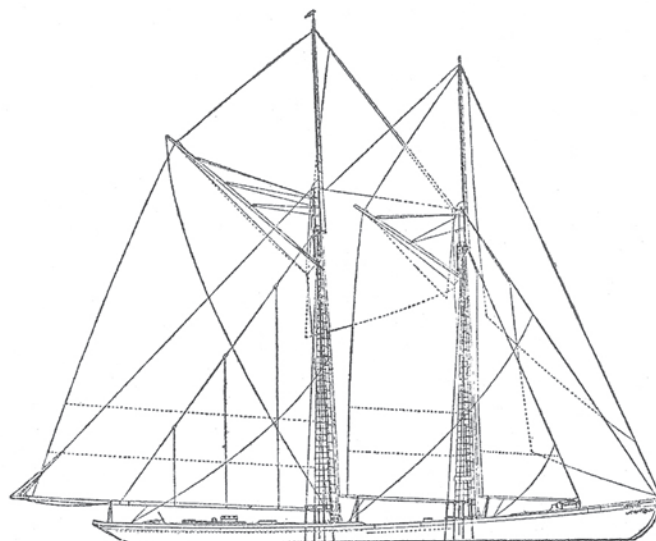


Figure 30. Sail plan of ARETHUSA

Have you cleaned your fuses lately? By that, I mean taken them out of their holders and made sure that the ends are clean and shiny? If the fuse or the holder gets corroded, the connection becomes weak and other problems may develop. With a fuse extractor for the type of fuse, extraction should be no problem. As with flashlight batteries that you need to "roll" every so often to have a good connection, the fuses may need to be cleaned from time to time.

Many of the boating magazines are emphasizing "going green" in boat design and propulsion. However, since the boat's hull is fiberglass and it has batteries, solar panels and the like, the craft has a large carbon footprint. Fiberglass sailboats also have a large carbon footprint with the aluminum mast, stainless steel rigging, dacron rigging and sails. A "green" boat would be one built of wood with trenails to hold it together and cotton sails. There would still be a carbon footprint, but not very large.

Part of the carbon footprint would be the steel tools used to cut the wood, drill the holes for the tree nails and the like. Then there is the "toxic" footprint for all the chemicals used to manufacture the resin, hardener, glass mat, stainless steel, dacron items and the rest of the material that creates a modern power or sailboat. Probably among the "green" choices is the old Viking long ship that was "tied together" and had a woven wool sail, but I doubt if many people would want to sail/row one as a pleasure craft.

There are a number of lines on a boat. The two I consider the most critical are the anchor rode and those that hold the boat to dock cleats or the mooring buoy. I used either $\frac{3}{8}$ " or $\frac{1}{2}$ " lines on our boats. The $\frac{1}{2}$ " line was for the anchor rode and the backup storm mooring lines to the float. The $\frac{3}{8}$ " lines were for standard mooring and utility use. Oh yes, the towline on the boat was $\frac{3}{4}$ ". The main reason for my line size choices was the ease of handling the line. Less than $\frac{3}{8}$ " was hard to hold, likewise for over $\frac{1}{2}$ " line. Even when wearing sailing gloves, lesser diameter lines



may have the strength but they are not that easy to pull or otherwise use except for tying up bundles and the like.

Do you have a spare battery on your boat? I keep reading about electrical problems on boats resulting in the inability to even use the VHF to call for help. I used to carry a small 12v motorscooter battery just for the radio (CB in those days). The battery was trickle charged at the house and came on the boat with the rest of the gear when we were going away from the float. I used the battery because of the power surge when the inboard auxiliary was started. The radio was protected and I had a way to call for help even if the rest of the electrical system failed.

Many years later we purchased an electric lawnmower for mowing small areas at our coastal cottage. The mower had a 24v motor. When the battery failed, I took the case apart to see what was wrong and found that the container had two 12v sealed batteries wired in series to provide the 24 for the motor. One battery was bad and the other was good. I disconnected the good 12v battery and used it as a portable power source when checking wiring in the boat or the car. That battery finally failed but it was very useful while it lasted.

If you have a couple of C or D sized flashlights onboard you could probably build a 12v system robust enough to power a VHF radio. Each battery is 3v. Four of them in series will give you 12v. Some spare wiring, duct tape (or the like) and some ingenuity and you can build a battery. The required amper-

age may be another matter for the radio to work properly.

Have you heard about e-DNA? This is the study of DNA in the environment. All of us spread our DNA about as we move (skin cells and the like). The e-DNA people are measuring the DNA in the environment (water, air and land) to see what they can find about any number of living objects that leave DNA traces behind them. There is one instrument that when connected to a smart phone will give you readings as to what is being sensed (BioMe me Two3).

There is an old computer story about a bug in a mainframe. It seems that in 1946 a mainframe at Harvard University stopped working properly. The repair people found the remains of a moth trapped in a relay. The bug was carefully removed and taped in the maintenance log book with the report on the problem and the solution. This story came back to mind when our dishwasher stopped working. After trying some other approaches, the repair person carefully removed the electronic module that controlled the device. Part of a roach fell out and the rest "rattled" about inside when the module was shaken. Our dishwasher computer controller had a "bug."

I read about the foil sailboats and wonder how much water is needed to float the boat with the foils up and with the foils down. Our area of Apalachee Bay is rather shallow with 10'-12' the average depth until well offshore. If the boat needs 10' of water when the foil(s) are down and the boat is not moving, ours is not a suitable area for such boats. What brought this to mind while reading one of the articles was one of my colleagues in Emergency Management who was a retired bosun and had served on any number of vessels during his career in the Navy. He was crew on a powered Navy foil boat running in shallow water when there was a power failure and the boat settled down with the foils extended. With no power to raise the powered foils a great deal of damage to the vessel followed as the foil system met the bottom with the boat still in forward motion.

The most widespread use of hydrofoils in sailboats to date has been in the International Moth class. Andy Paterson of Bloodaxe Boats on the Isle of Wight is widely considered to have developed the first functional foiling Moth, though his boat had three foils in a tripod arrangement. Brett Burvill sailed a narrow skiff Moth with inclined surface piercing hydrofoils to a race win at the Moth World Championships in 2001 in Australia, which was the first time a hydrofoil Moth had won a race at a World Championship. This hydrofoil configuration was later declared illegal by the class, as it was felt to constitute a multihull, which is prohibited by class rules.

Initially Ian Ward in Sydney, Australia, developed the first centerline foiling Moth which demonstrated that sailing on centerboard and rudder foils alone was feasible. Subsequently, Garth and John Ilett in Perth, Australia, developed a two hydrofoil system for the Moth with active flap control for the main foil via a surface sensor.

John's company Fasta Craft was the first to produce a commercially available hydrofoil International Moth. Fasta Craft's Prowler design, superseded in 2008 by the F-Zero, features a carbon fiber hull, inverted "T" foils on the centerboard and rudder and can reach speeds of over 27 knots. Fasta Craft has since

About Foil Sailboats

International Moth

been joined in producing hydrofoil Moths by several other companies, including Bladerider, Assassin, Exocet and Aardvark Technologies.

Although initially debated fiercely within the class, the adoption of hydrofoils has proven a success for the International Moth class, with rapid fleet growth in

the years since 2001. All World Championships since 2004 have been won by hydrofoil equipped Moths, which can become foilborne in as little as six knots of breeze when steered by an experienced sailor of lighter weight. The class rule remains open to development of all boat components including hydrofoil systems and development within the class continues to be spurred by both commercial and individual/amateur efforts.



Pert Lowell, Co., Inc.

**Custom
Small
Boats**



Builders of the famous Town Class sloop in wood or fiberglass as well as other custom traditional wooden boats since 1934.

Mast Hoops

Mast Hoop Fasteners - Sail Hanks - Parrel Beads - Wood Cleats - Wood Shell Blocks - Deadeyes - Bullseyes - Custom Bronze Hardware

Pert Lowell Co., Inc.
Lanes End, Newbury, MA 01950
(978) 462-7409

Builders & Restorers



Wooden Boats Built to Order

Row, Power, or Sail - Phil Bolger Designs
Bare Hulls, Complete Boats
Lumber Yard Skiff Plans,
Shoal Draft Our Specialty
Check Out My Website

www.oldwharf.com

Or Give Me a Call at (508) 349 2383

Walter Baron, Boatbuilder

170 Old Chequessett Neck Rd, Wellfleet, MA 02667



**AREY'S POND
BOAT YARD**

Custom Built Catboats

Sail & Canvas Loft

*Wood & Fiberglass
Restorations & Repairs*

Brokerage Boat Sales

Visit our website for more info
& photos!

(508) 255-0994

AreysPondBoatYard.com

Boatbuilders

20 ft. Celebrity Class Sloop



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

www.southportislandmarine.com

Boatbuilders



Southport Island Marine
207-633-6009

C. Stickney Boatbuilders Ltd.

15 Wiley's Corner Rd. St. George, ME 04860
207-372-8543

**Custom Wooden Boat
Building & Restoration**



10/6" Yacht Tender Elegant

E-mail woodboats@msn.com

Blog

<http://blackguillemot.wordpress.com/>

Hadden Boat Company

Wooden Boat Construction & Repair



Launched September 2012

36' Vinnie Cavanaugh Replica

11 Tibbets Ln., Georgetown, ME 04548
(207) 371-2662

ARCH DAVIS DESIGN



Call or email
Arch Davis at 207-930-9873
archhdavis@gmail.com
37 Doak Rd. Belfast, ME 04915
www.archdavisdesigns.com

*Penobscot 13' sailing
and rowing skiff,
little sister to the
well known
Penobscot 14.
Glued lapstrake
construction.
12'9"x4'3".
120 pounds.
Rowing version
\$4,450.00.
Sailing rigs available.*

607-286-7099
SHOP
TOM KRIEG'S
BOAT SHOP
607-643-8492
CELL
PO BOX 1007
COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK 13326

Hansen & Company
Builders of Practical & Impractical
Boats
Gloucester Gull Dories & Other Small Boats
www.hansenandcompany.blogspot.com
Dennis Hansen 207-594-8073
P.O. Box 122 dgehanen@myfairpoint.net
Spruce Head, ME 04859

YOUR AD HERE
\$6 / ISSUE
maib.office@gmail.com

SK
READERS
CHOICE
Sea Kayaker
MAGAZINE
2011
2014
WOODEN KAYAK

PYGMY
BOATS INC

Plans & Kits
VOTED BEST
WOODEN KAYAK
2 NEW KAYAKS!



Call for a **FREE** Catalog: 360-385-6143 | www.pygmyboats.com

Gentry Custom Boats
Plans and Kits



**Unique, Ultralight, Inexpensive
and Easy to Build Sailboats,
Rowboats, Kayaks, Canoes
and more.**


GentryCustomBoats.com

Robb White & Sons
Sport Boat
Handy, pretty, proven 16'x43" strip
planked skiff will plane two adults with
4hp. Full size mold patterns, complete
instructions. \$75 Photos & specs at
www.robwhite.com.



Robb White & Sons
P.O. Box 561, Thomasville, GA 31799

TOTO



13' x 30" DOUBLE PADDLE CANOE
TAPED SEAM PLYWOOD
NO JIGS - NO LOFTING
\$15 PLANS
\$1 INFO ON 18 BOATS
JIM MICHALAK
1024 Merrill St, Lebanon, IL 62254

WESTON FARMER
BUILDING PLANS & ARTICLE REPRINTS
BUILD A WESTON FARMER CLASSIC DESIGN. 15 plans available for the amateur boatbuilder
from 10' launch IRREDUCIBLE to famous 32' blue-water ketch TAHITIANA. Send \$2 for catalog
defining specs, plans, contents, prices, etc.

READ & ENJOY A WESTON FARMER BOAT STORY. We have 20 article reprints on small
boat designs written through the years by E. Weston Farmer, N.A., considered by many to have
been one of the outstanding marine writers of all time. Delightful reading for only \$1 per page. All
articles include line drawings, offsets, etc. that you can use. Send \$2 for catalog listing.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES
7034-D Hwy. 291, Tum Tum, WA 99034

CONRAD NATZIO
BOATBUILDER



*A range of small
craft plans for
very easy home
building in
plywood*

For details, visit the website:
<http://conradnatzio.firetrench.com>

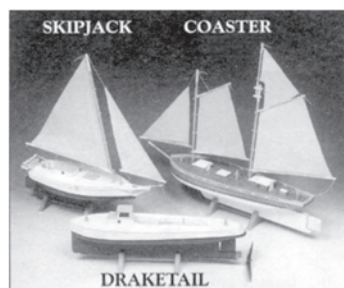
or contact:
CONRAD NATZIO BOATBUILDER
15 Lanyard Pl
Woodbridge, Suffolk
IP12 1FE
United Kingdom
Tel +44 1394 383491
c.natzio@btinternet.com



Do You Have Plans or Kits For Sale?
This Advertising Space Has Become Available
\$30 per Issue
Contact Bob Hicks at maib.office@gmail.com

**SEAWORTHY
SMALL SHIPS**

WOODEN POND MODEL KITS



MODELS THAT REALLY SAIL

Rubber Band & Sail Powered Kits
Pre-Shaped & Drilled Parts
Brass, Copper & Stainless Hardware

Great Fun in Pool, Pond, or Sea • Order Yours Today

Order #800-533-9030 (U.S.) VISA/MC accepted
Other Kits & Plans Available, catalog \$1.00

SEAWORTHY SMALL SHIPS
Dept. M, PO Box 2863
Prince Frederick, MD 20678-2863

Visit our Home Page at
<http://www.seaworthysmallships.com>

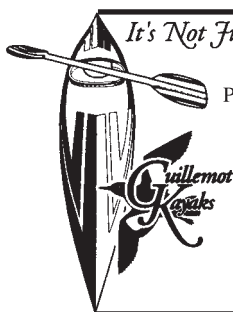
BUFFLEHEAD

15.5'x33" plans
for experienced builders

**HUGH HORTON
SMALL BOATS**

SOLID COMFORT BOATS
8471 SW CR 347
Cedar Key, FL 32625
huhorton@gmail.com

21st century cruising sailing canoe for savvy sailors
Photo by Bill Ling



It's Not Just Art, It's a Craft!

Unique Wood-Strip
Performance, Sea Kayaks

**Kits, Plans &
Finished Boats**

Send \$3 for a catalog to:
Nick Schade
Guillemot Kayaks
54 South Rd.
Groton, CT 06340-4624
ph: 860-659-8847

<http://www.KayakPlans.com/m>



H.H. PAYSON & COMPANY

Plans * Patterns * Articles * Books
Instant Boat Series * Downeast Dorries
Model Building

Visit our website www.instantboats.com
Call, write or email for information or
help with your project

H.H. Payson & Company
P.O. Box 122

Spruce Head, ME 04859

**Going Forward in the Spirit and
Tradition of Dynamite Payson
Just Do It!**

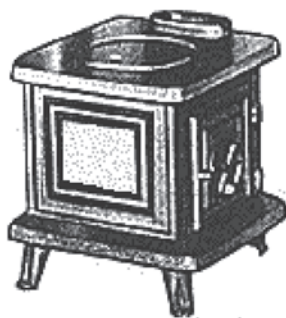
Dennis Hansen, Boatbuilder
(207) 594-7587

ATLANTIC WHITE CEDAR

Boat grade rough sawn flitches in stock.
Most are 16' long 4/4 to 8/4 thick.
New supply ready to ship.
Call or write for info.

J.D. ENGLAND CO.
1780 Remlik Dr., Urbanna, VA 23175
(804) 758-2721

**TRADITIONAL
MARINE STOVES**



CAST IRON
PORCELAIN ENAMELED
WOOD BURNING
HEATING & COOKING
COMPACT

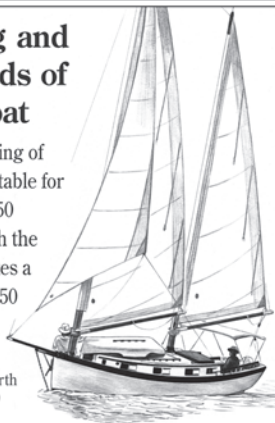
**NAVIGATOR
STOVES**
409 Double Hill Rd.
East Sound, WA 98245
(360) 376-5161

Supplies

**Drawing and
Notecards of
Your Boat**

A pencil drawing of
your boat, suitable for
framing, and 50
notecards with the
drawing. Makes a
great gift! -\$150

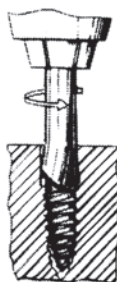
Scott Baldwin
Box 884 Killingworth
Connecticut 06419



See web page: www.baldwinstudio.us

**UNSCREW-UMS™
broken-screw
extractors**

Remove damaged
fastenings. Minimal
damage to wood.
Hollow tool uses
stub as guide. Sizes
to remove screws from No. 2
to No. 24, lags, nails, and drifts.



T&L TOOLS

24 Vinegar Hill Rd., Gales Ferry, CT 06335
Phone: 860-464-9485 • Fax: 860-464-9709
unscrew-ums@tltools.com
www.tltools.com

Atlantic White Cedar

Custom cut to your specifications from our own
logs which we bring up from Florida. Lengths up
to 24'.

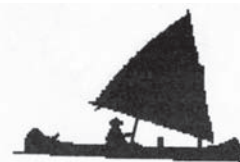
Cypress and other species available upon request.

Woodcraft Productions Ltd.

P.O. Box 17307

Smithfield, RI 02917-0704

Tel (401) 232-2372 • Fax (401) 232-1029



Sail for a Canoe

Excellent quality and design

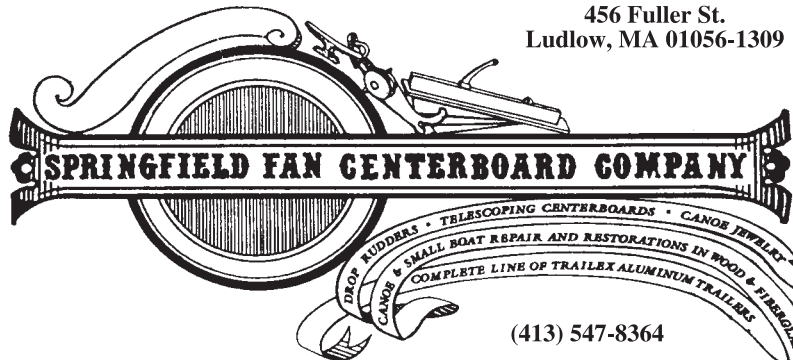
National Sailing Committee
American Canoe Association
<http://canusail.org>

Free rig plans

Newsletter: *Canoe Sailor* \$ 6
E-mail: canusailor@yahoo.com

Pay to: C. Sutherland
Send to:
Chuck Sutherland
2210 Finland Rd.
Green Lane, PA 18054

456 Fuller St.
Ludlow, MA 01056-1309



SPRINGFIELD FAN CENTERBOARD COMPANY

TELESCOPING CENTERBOARDS • CANOE JEWELRY
DROP RUDERS • CANOE & SMALL BOAT REPAIR AND RESTORATIONS IN WOOD & FIBERGLASS
COMPLETE LINE OF TRAILER ALUMINUM TRAILERS

(413) 547-8364



Small Craft
Sails
by
Sew Tec

Any Sail , Traditional to High Tech ,
to 100 sq. ft.
Re-cuts , Repairs & Custom Canvas Work
In business since 1990 - **sewtec.us**
sewtec@hughes.net - 850-773-7929

GAMBELL & HUNTER
SAILMAKERS

Sails
and
Rigging



16 Limerock St., Camden, ME 04843
(207) 236-3561
www.gambellandhunter.net

MERTON'S
FIBERGLASS AND
MARINE SUPPLY

- Complete hand lay-up fiberglass supplies for light & heavy fiberglass or wood boat repair & construction
- Polyester, Epoxy, Vinylster Marine Grade Resins
- Marine Topside Enamels & Antifouling Bottom Paint
- Silicon Bronze & Stainless Steel Fasteners


Quality Brand Name Products
Competitive Pricing
All items in stock for immediate shipment

Online catalog
www.mertons.com
call 800-333-0314
P.O. Box 399
East Longmeadow,
MA 01028

**Supplying Quality Products
To Boat Owners,
Hull Finishers & Boatyards
for over 20 years.**

800-333-0314

DUCKWORKS
BOAT BUILDERS SUPPLY



- plans
- hardware
- custom sails
- epoxy/supplies
- sailmaking supplies
- tools and MORE

low prices, fast service
www.duckworksbbbs.com



RAKA EPOXY & FIBERGLASS

We have several types of epoxy resins with different mix ratios for coating, gluing, and composite construction. Our large fiberglass inventory includes many weights of standard woven materials as well as a good selection of biaxials and triaxials. Carbon and kevlar fabrics are also available. We offer the lowest prices and same day UPS shipping. Our normal store hours are from 9am to 5pm Monday to Friday. Write or call us or see our internet site for complete info and prices.

RAKA Marine
3490 Oleander Ave., Ft. Pierce, FL 34982-6571
Ph. (772) 489-4070 — Fax (772) 461-2070
www.raka.com

HANDMADE SEAMANS KNIVES
207-882-9820



CUSTOM DESIGNS
MUDD SHARRIGAN
WISCASSET, ME 04578

CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

BOATS FOR SALE



Bolger Chebacco 20', comes w/exc hwy trlr plus loads of equipment. I built her myself 3 years ago. The boat sails beautifully. It has new sails and I am asking only \$5,800 Canadian, so this is a good deal.

JERRY COULSON, Bobcaygeon, ON, Jerry @ (705) 738-5934 (2)

Wooden Thistle #994, needs compl refinishing of inside & outside of hull, as well as mast, boom, tiller, & spinnaker pole. 85% of old interior varnish has been removed already. Rudder has been wooded & given a couple of coats of fresh varnish. 2 sets of older but vly useable sails & '50s hrdwre & fittings that all work. On strong, roadworthy, but unregistered trlr. No rot or delamination in the hull. Exc candidate for restoration & will look beautiful when compl. I had planned on doing just that, but do not have the time. I want to pass her on to someone who does & will cherish & enjoy this classic Thistle. \$600. In Fairhaven, MA. Contact me to make a date to see her.

FINNUS505@aol.com (2)

23' '76 Venture Newport FG Sailboat, compl w/gd sails, nice bunk cushions, structurally sound, just nds good cleaning. Vly nice galv trlr. Boat & trlr both legally registered. Older 6hp Johnson nds work; can be turned over by hand, but will not start. Email for photos, or to set up a date to look at her in Fairhaven, MA. The Newport has a small cult following amongst trlr/sailors w/its clipper bow, bowsprit & cutter rig (2 headsails; genny & staysail). Nice boat, vly sound just nds cleaning up, galv trlr in vly gd cond unlike rusted out painted steel trlrs these boats often have. \$2,000 OBRO. FINNUS505@aol.com (2)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION

Classified ads are FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at 25¢ per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly.

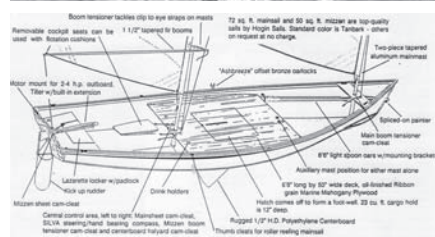
Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to maib.office@gmail.com. No telephone ads please.



12' Homemade Boat, made from fiber-foam (3/8"?) material w/varnished wooden rudder, mast, boom and gaff. CB is installed and a flotation air chamber is built in. No sail but plan incl. Hull a little lumpy but boat is new, never in water. \$150 does not include trlr. Someone needs to enjoy this boat but it's not me.

BOYD MEFFERD, Canton, CT, (860) 693-4811 (2)

12' Royalex Old Town Pack Canoe, garage kept, exc cond, asking \$375 or best offer. CHARLES MÉNDEZ, Wantage, NJ, 973-714-9573. (1)

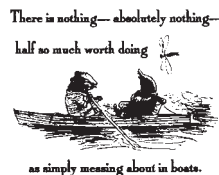


20' Navigator Cruising Dinghy, '83 Stephen Wilce design in Sealight plastic. Compl w/all dinghy cruising gear, sails, spars, oars, ground tackle, etc. Stored 25 years, needs cleanup. Rebuilt upgraded highway trlr. \$1,000 w/trlr, \$750 wo/trlr. 3-page detailed design report emailed to you on request.

BOB HICKS, Wenham MA, (978) 774-0906, maib.office@gmail.com (2)

GEAR FOR SALE

MARINE GRADE PLYWOOD, Project Overage, Various Species/Sizes, Joubert, Bruynzeel, Boulter. Boston Area - Cash/Carry. Email for List. bob@keelsonsource.com (6P)



Famous Quotation & Illustration from The Wind in the Willows

Join us in expressing Ratty's sentiment to the world. Tee Shirts, Long Sleeve Tees, Sweatshirts, and Tote Bags. Order on-line or by mail. Visit www.messingabout.com for more info or to print an order form.

THE DESIGN WORKS, 9101 Eton Rd, Silver Spring, MD 20901 (301) 589-9391 (voice mail only)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

IMAGINE THE PRIDE YOU'LL FEEL on the water in a boat built with your own two hands. Send \$9.95 for *Book of Boat Designs* describing 300 boats you can build.

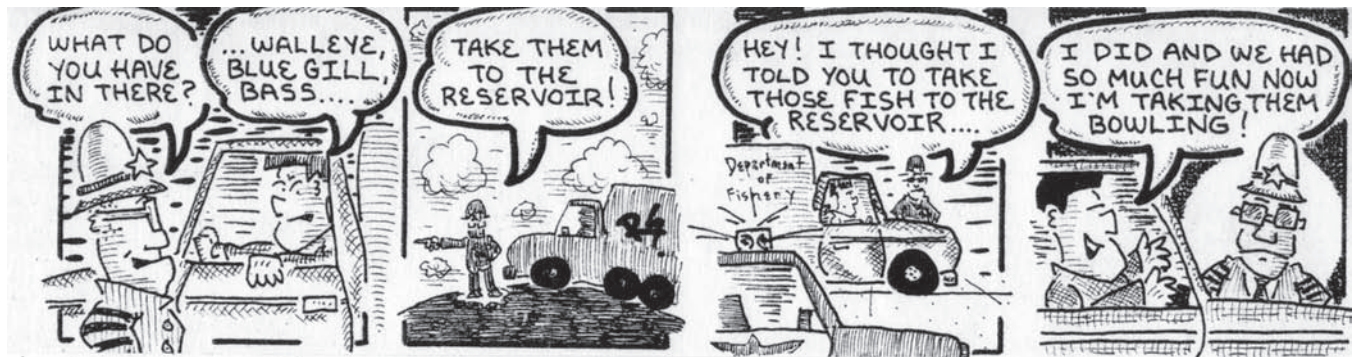
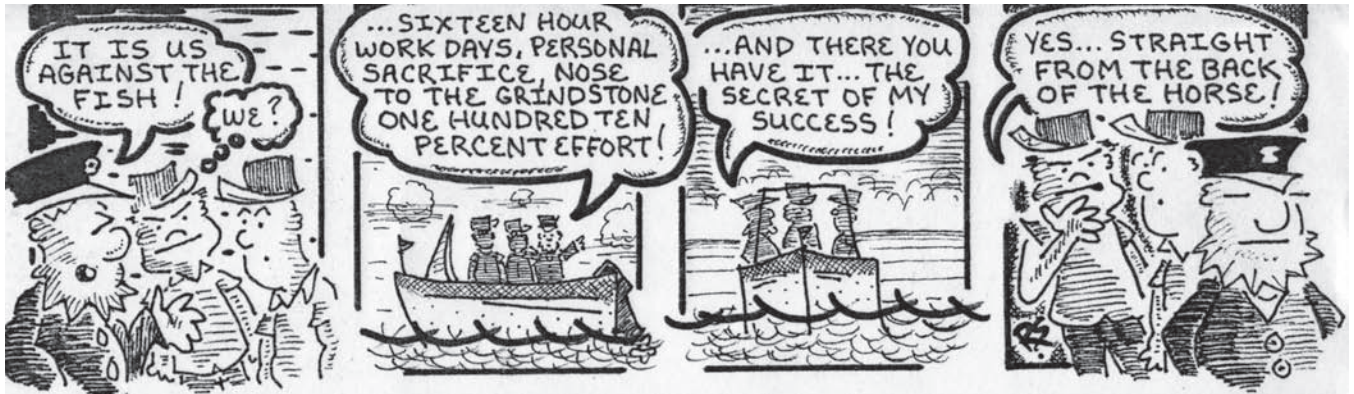
GLEN-L, 232 Avenida Fabricante, #105MA, San Clemente, CA 92673, (888) 700-5007, www.Glen-L.com/MA (online catalog). TF



Shiver Me Timbers

By: Robert L. Summers

Fishermen...



messing about in **BOATS**

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

POSTMASTER: CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

120

**PRSR STD
US POSTAGE PAID**

PERMIT

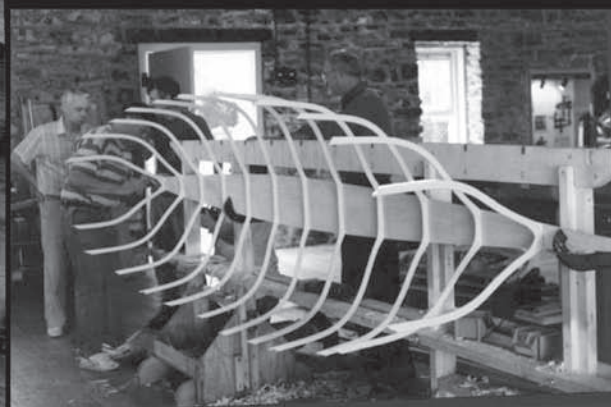


Free Catalog & DVD

www.adirondack-guide-boat.com
guideboat@together.net

(802) 425-3926

6821 Rt 7, N Ferrisburgh VT 05473



Almost always our best ideas have emerged from specific deals with customers. In this case, we had a customer who wanted a running start on building one of our wooden boats. HE is so delighted with how its working out....as are we... let's see if it works for others. We will do approximately half of the work in building your boat. You'll receive a completely assembled hull. We will mount and strip a 15ft cedar rub strips. Screw glassed and We will install cherry decks and ash parts, brass, finish the boat. holes will be plugged, the hull will be sanded, sanding, fitting and Cherry oars will need epoxy and hardware to After that it is basically finish work. sanding and varnish.

There will be a manual from pick-up to completion. Our phone number will also be included. Price for a 15ft boat, \$9700. Completed price, \$16,700. +/- \$250 per additional foot.